# ROAD TO BERLIN

JUNE 20
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# NEW MASSES

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## GENERAL EISENHOWER

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NEW MASSES

VOL. LI JUNE 20, 1944 NO. 12

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I

THE wheel of history pivoted on the slim beaches of Normandy and the world changed. The possible had become the actual and the banners of the grim men storming the French coast bore the indelible inscription of mankind's hopes.

In old Philadelphia the Liberty Bell struck twelve times at dawn the morning of June 6. Like the bright day 168 years ago when the freedom of America was proclaimed, the bell bespoke the freedom of the world. A global battle had reached climax near the tiny French towns of Caen and Bayeux. The thunder of history's greatest military deed sounded literally throughout the world. Men were awakened, sat through the night, listening to the broadcasters tell of the ships plowing across the Channel. Never had war been waged like this. Men and women and children thousands of miles away crossed the flaming Channel with their brothers and fathers and sons. You could hear the bomb screech in Los Angeles: the airwaves symbolized literally the one-ness of this war, its total community. Not only was it borne in the hearts and heads of men, it assaulted their senses as it did their kin under fire. We were, all of us, in the war, in the attack, in the crossing.

On the sunbaked streets of Algiers, press accounts reported, Frenchmen embraced each other. In Moscow the eager citizenry crowded the center of town awaiting the bulletins, snatching up the newspapers. In New York the Mayor spoke to his townspeople at the Eternal Light in Madison Square Park amid the massed banners of the Allies. So in London, in Chungking, in Sydney.

Solemn crowds. Those of us who stood with them know the grandeur of the moment evoked the deepest emotions of men, those that are felt silently. It must have been that way on all the continents and on the ships at sea. Mankind stood in awe. This was global warfare, the United Nations in action. This was the essence of alliance. This was the word of Teheran quickened into irrevocable deed. This is what Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin meant when they said: "We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of operations which will be undertaken from the east, west, and south."

The eleven thousand planes that blotted out the skies that dawn of June 6, the four thousand invasion craft that criss-crossed the Channel, the six hundred warships that poured volley after volley into Cherbourg and Le Havre attested to Teheran's statement: "No power on earth can prevent our destroying the German armies by land, their U-boats by sea, and their war plants from the air. Our attacks will be relentless and increasing."

Before night fell this was clear: the Nazis had lost the power to prevent the landing of large Allied forces on a comparatively large sector of the coast of northern France. The Allies held unchallenged supremacy of the sea and sky. The touted Atlantic Wall could not withstand the withering fire of naval artillery and the relentless showers of bombs from the Allied planes. It was Nazi luck that Adolf Hitler had left the west wall of Festung Europa the previous day, as German prisoners attested.

AND on the continent the underground stirred. The Nazis nervously proclaimed diktat after diktat: in Vichy France nobody dared leave his home without a large *laisser passer* pasted on chest and back. Death was the penalty. Women were permitted to leave their kitchens but once a day to buy food for one meal. Paris was said to have one month's supply of foodstuffs: eight days' supply of condensed milk for the children.

The liberators knew that the underground was preparing for the grand attack: so did the Nazis, but they were powerless to fend it off.

And in America the grandeur of the day inspired our home armies to unparalleled effort. Red Cross stations were literally swamped by four times as many blood-donors as usual. In New York the unions of the CIO alone pledged 50,000 pints of blood. The unanimity of labor—keystone of the home war effort—was attested by the "no strike" reiterations of Philip Murray and William Green. Labor drew closer despite the divisive efforts of some misleaders: the American working man learned, on D-Day, that the Executive Council of the AFL had refused to sanction the letter forbidding AFL unionists to join with the CIO Political Action Committees. It was highly symbolic of the times when unity was the imperative, that this news came almost simultaneously with the news of the invasion.

"Everything for the war" was the slogan of the nation. The Fifth War Loan began with an enthusiasm hitherto unequalled. The working men of the land pledged to work uninterruptedly creating the planes and tanks and cannon required by the liberators. Similar pledges came from all strata of our people.

Men and women crowded the churches in prayer. And when, at ten PM of D-Day, the Commander-in-Chief went on the air to lead his people in prayer, the nation prayed with him, fervently endorsing his plea: "Lead us to the saving of our country, with our sister nations, into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invulnerable to the scheming of unworthy men."

This was D-Day, mankind's greatest day, June 6, 1944.

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IT WAS at the Teheran conference in December, President Roosevelt told his press conference, that the general plans for the invasion were made and the timing decided. The President was confident but not boastful. Who can tell what inner torment he went through in those last hours before our armies struck, he who has had to send America's best sons into the fiery ordeal from which thousands will not return? Yet he, more than any American, knew it was the only way to shorten the war, to guarantee victory.

And in London there stood before the House of Commons that old warrior, Winston Churchill, toughened in many battles. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded not to join personally the invasion forces. He has waited long for this day—four years. He who promised his people nothing but "blood, toil, tears, and sweat," he who when England was besieged and stood facing the hordes of Nazism, defied the powers of evil and pledged that the British people would fight on their beaches, in their fields, streets and hills and would never surrender—he has lived to see it all reversed and to have been one of the architects of that reversal. It is Nazism that is besieged today and fighting desperately against the doom advancing on it from east and south and west. But as the greatest living orator in the English tongue arose in the House of Commons, he dispensed with rhetoric: there is no need to embroider with words the epic that is being written with fiery steel on the beaches of France. Simply and directly he reported the facts of the battle and cautioned that this is only the first step, that while great difficulties have been overcome, more lie ahead.

On a battleship not far from the invasion beaches was a man with a face that you have seen in New York, Chicago, Topeka, Spokane, New Orleans. It is an open, alert American face, the face of the supreme commander of the Allied forces, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. He commands not only the men fighting on the beaches, but the men and women of the underground. He spoke to both armies: to the American, British, Canadian, and French soldiers he issued an order of the day summoning them to battle; and to the underground he sent a message. "All patriots, men and women, young and old," he told them, "have a part to play in the achievement of final victory." He gave instructions both to members of resistance movements and to patriots who are not members. He addressed himself especially to the citizens of France: "Be patient. Prepare. . . . Those who have common cause with the enemy and so betrayed their country will be removed. As France is liberated from her oppressors, you yourselves will choose your representatives and the government under which you wish to live."

And the leader of French resistance, Gen. Charles de Gaulle, now become the embodiment of the national will of France—the France that is unconquered—he also spoke, calling on his people to give active aid to the liberating armies. He too can look back to the days of darkness, and forward to the days of light. And he knows how many Frenchmen have waited for this day—and died for it.

This is a people's war, on the battlefield and on the home front. Now more than ever must the people speak with the deeds that wrest out of the years of agony and sacrifice victory and a new world.

II

AND this too was clear on D-Day: as the Nazi guns spat death at our invasion force the partisans of fascism continued their plottings and endeavors here, at home. The enemy within the United States has not yet been crushed. Herein lies the greatest peril to our men on the frontlines, to the ultimate success of our arms: the peril of national disunity.

The traitor works all the more desperately as our military achievements unfold. He enlists in his service the class and racial and political bigot, seeks dupes among thousands of naive persons. In our issue of April 18 John L Spivak warned that "a conspiracy exists to force a negotiated peace timed with the opening of the second front, and simultaneously to work for the defeat of President Roosevelt in November." That time is here. And America must stand on sentry duty against the enemy within.

Consider a few of the things that happened in this country concurrently with the day of invasion. Understand what they mean to the life and death struggle we have entered. And act upon them, for our destiny is at stake.

On D-Day and the crucial hours immediately following, We the Mothers Mobilize for America, Inc., was completing its plans for a national convention to press for a negotiated peace; Sewell Avery ranted before the House committee investigating the seizure of Ward's Chicago plant that he had deliberately plotted his eviction to dramatize what he termed "the march of dictatorship" in this country; John L. Lewis' *United Mine Workers Journal* published the most sinister anti-Semitic blast that has yet appeared in its defeatist columns; Republican re-

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actionaries and poll-taxers in Congress brought up new guns to demolish a cornerstone of the home front, the OPA; the conspirator Martin Dies put the final touches upon his highly publicized forthcoming "expose" of the Commander-in-Chief and his administration; the New York *Daily News* greeted the brave boys landing from the sea and skies upon the Nazi hordes with the message that their effort was worthless; the Matthew Woll clique in the AFL hierarchy documented the undemocratic mind of Luigi Antonini for his projected trip to Italy, the purpose of which is to disrupt the six-party coalition; the Socialist Party convention, wedded to a peace-now platform, sniped at the Teheran accord by demanding an immediate "political invasion" of Europe; the Social Democratic organ, the *New Leader,* renewed its attack against Marshal Tito and in favor of the universally discredited Mikhailovich; the plot to steal the national elections gained ground at the Democratic Convention in Mississippi and at a conference of poll-tax defeatists in Louisiana; in Cincinnati a group of John L. Lewis seditionists manipulated a strike against the employment of Negroes.

These manifestations of defeatism cannot be accepted complacently. Here are the termites eating at the structure of national unity.

What needs to be emphasized again and again until it is firmly riveted in the American mind, is that all of this treachery, whether conscious or unconscious, interlocks, and, as a whole, reflects the existence of a national conspiracy against the war. NEW MASSES and others have proved that involved in the conspiracy are men of high station who enjoy liberty of movement and expression. The Spivak series pointed the finger directly at Gen. Robert E. Wood, Col. Robert McCormick, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Charles E. Coughlin, Senators Nye and Langer. The evidence against Dies, Hearst, Patterson of the *Daily News,* Gerald L. K. Smith, and a score of others is overwhelmingly convincing. Without their support, without their secret organizational contacts, without their enormous wealth and the huge circulation of the press under their control, the entire pack of petty conspirators would run for cover. Yet these men remain free to poison the air of D-Day.

The hour of crisis is at hand. We can no longer afford to tolerate the proved copperheads of our day. The risk is too great, the cost too heavy. All patriots must insist upon the arrest and imprisonment of the enemy within our ranks.

III

WITH the greatest furies still to come, the hurricane that has been unleashed against the Germans is the hurricane of coalition, of collective warfare. The enormous military vise gripping inward from east, west, and south—and perhaps from the north before many days pass—was the lethal weapon Hitler feared most. His plan of annihilation was the blitzkrieg, devised to destroy each element of a potential Allied compound. The USSR was to be crushed with dispatch to prevent the synthesis of two-front war.

But now the two-front war has come. The Nazis can hope only for a protracted defensive strategy to postpone the final debacle. Their crisis in manpower permits no deployment of large forces to meet and overwhelm the men who storm the beaches and land behind enemy lines from the wings of gliders. The Wehrmacht is being caged in and cannot hope for any strategic victories. It may win tactical successes; it may be able to displace the troops who hold a bridge and it may even in the tug of battle recapture a town. But its reserves are stretched too far and wide and the

# The Capital—D-Day

*Washington.*

MR. JOHN O'DONNELL, columnist of the New York "News," was his usual sneering self about the fact that Washington was calm in the face of the news of the invasion. It is true there were no great public demonstrations, it is true that government workers went about their work, soberly bent on the jobs they must do. The Red Cross blood bank center was crowded. The churches were filled. Special services were held. Passing theaters, pedestrians heard strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," with audiences singing the words which assumed new meaningfulness. It was only in snatches of conversation overheard on bus and streetcar and wherever people happened to be, that one caught the exhilaration in voices, and the pride in relatives and dear ones who were probably taking part in the invasion.

Four boys with down on their upper lips, bathing suits bundled under their arms, stood on a bus. One of them was the center of attention. His dad was in it, he knew. Another produced an uncle who doubtless was in it. A third had a brother on the USS "Nevada," which had a prominent part in the crossing. A fourth, hard put to it, said two grandfathers volunteered in the last war. He was ignored.

LEAVING the committee room where Sewell Avery, flanked by his attorneys, was rocking back and forth in the witness chair and delivering a diatribe against the government, the NM reporter asked a grizzled member of the Capitol police force outside the door, if it weren't a little unusual to have so many policemen in the hearing room. "It's unusual to have a witness here who thinks he's bigger than the US government," was the reply. "We're not taking any risks with a Chicago racketeer. Not on D-Day."

IN STATUARY HALL in the Capitol, a guide explained some point of interest to a group of visitors, many of them soldiers, one of them a flier with a missing arm. His good arm was clutched by a woman, obviously pregnant and obviously happy. Nearby three women were seated on a bench. One of them said: "You know how Congressmen are. Just politicians. So he said, 'Miss Harris, I see you're still in organizational work.' Imagine—he couldn't understand I was working for a principle. So I said, 'No, not organizational work. I'm working for peace.' So that's how it is—we just came here to do something about this war. You know it's only the minorities that will benefit from it. You have men in your families in it, but they don't believe in it. We've got to stop this war."

Her close-set little ferret eyes bored through the women, the saliva glistened on her thin lips, her ample bosom heaved in indignation. Suddenly a woman approached her and said: "What organization are you in?" Without hesitating, she replied: "Peace Now." Said the other grimly: "I might have known it. And you have the crust to talk like this on the day of the invasion." The Peace Now advocate tossed her head and said with aplomb, "You're probably one of those who helped bring it on. Is it worse to make a war or to stop a war?" And her opponent said, "It's worse to be a traitor, and that's what you are."

Just a quiet little conversation beneath the lofty Capitol dome, it was. The tourists had gone. Only the towering marble and bronze figures of dead and gone Americans remained, looking down at this enemy as she busily employed Hitler's last weapon.



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torrent cannot be contained by this army so badly crippled on the Eastern Front and in Italy.

It is well to keep this view of the European struggle uppermost in the mind. In the next weeks the newspapers will publish the casualty lists and they will be longer than those we have see heretofore. The Germans and their friends everywhere will know how to make use of these dead and wounded warriors. They know that in many respects this is the beginning of the war for us as it is the beginning of the end for them. And their political strategy, linked to the military one of exacting the highest price for every Allied lunge forward, is designed to garner a compromise peace. But with the larger view that what our men are doing now will save thousands of lives later on and that victory will crown these initial sacrifices we can be fortified against all enemy propaganda onslaughts. The major business of the Allies at this juncture is to kill Nazis and the history of this war has taught us that where the Nazi deaths are large there the Allied losses in comparison are small. For in the process, the German manpower resources cannot be replenished and their resistance as a whole is weakened while we grow stronger. The classic example of this fact is the battle for Stalingrad. There after the most audacious blows by the Red Forces, close to 150,000 Germans were destroyed, while their opponents lost less than 50,000 men.

There is no easy road to Berlin. There are no trick formulas by which the foe can be smashed. The unfolding of last week's events is testimony to the time-honored military proposition that boldness linked to coordination of arms can hurdle the most formidable obstacles. There is, of course, more than meets the eye in the operations on the Normandy beachheads. The military archives when they are opened years hence will tell the whole story. But what can be learned now is the utterly fantastic and criminally stupid character of such concepts as victory through the exclusive use of air power instead of coalition. It is indeed a tribute to the decisive leadership of the British and American high command that it never submitted to these doctrines even when in the last two years it was pressed and badgered by air-power politicians. Use of air-power alone would have meant an even greater prolongation of the war and in the end a greater sacrifice of blood and treasure if not defeat. Coalition warfare, in which the Soviet and Anglo-American forces operate in combined and interacting blows and in their unity are tremendously stronger than the whole of the German army, means an intelligent and balanced use of forces speeding victory at the least cost.

The Germans, however, thought they had a trick up their sleeves with their so-called Atlantic Wall. It was supposed to be impregnable, packed with mines, concrete, wire, and all the obstructions which Goebbels' evil mind could fancy. Now the myth of an impregnable defense is shattered and one may take comfort in the thought that there will be no few Germans who will wonder how this "impenetrable fortification" was breached. There will be no few Germans who will be tormented by the truth that there are no inner lines in France, in the Balkans, in Scandinavia, or in Germany proper that can stand firm for long or impede the Allied march to Berlin. The concept of Fortress Europe has collapsed and its collapse will reverberate throughout Nazidom. The Germans themselves in their campaign of 1940 were the first to show that there are no fortifications that are impassable. We now demonstrate that not only are there no walls that cannot be breached but that the whole structure of Nazi defense is comprised more of words than of substance. And where are the Nazis' secret weapons—the weapons that were to crush our troops before they could throw their first hand grenade? *There are no secret Nazi weapons except those that walk on two legs and preach the gospel of "Mein Kampf," of disunity.* For actually that is the only weapon remaining for Hitler: the division of the coalition—the resurrection of the Bolshevik bogey.

"Landings," by Helen West Heller.

D-DAY even made itself felt where there were no Allied troops. For the impact of our military enterprise and its impending success is giving the neutrals something to think about. Lisbon decided on the eve of the Normany battle to stop all shipments of wolfram to Germany and to shut down all of her wolfram mines. Nor will D-Day be lost on Madrid. There are as yet no details as to what the Spanish people feel about the storm that has hit the continent. But it does not take any prophetic powers to know that Spaniards will cheer the Allied military moves. For a defeated Hitler means in time a defeated Franco. If the Franco dictatorship is indebted to Hitler, as the State Department *Bulletin* put it so succinctly last week, then this is a clear acknowledgement on our part that Franco is but one of the several heads that must be lopped off the fascist body politic. Sweden is obviously making attempts to divest itself of a sham neutrality. Her government has professed loudly that its heart belongs to the democracies but its ball bearings to the Axis. Now D-Day is giving Stockholm the terrific jolt which diplomatic pressure could not. No one should be surprised if in the next few days Stockholm announces that it has discontinued its ball bearing shipments for the Wehrmacht's machine. Turkey remains immobile and we find it hard to dispute the cynics who say that one way we shall know that V-Day has arrived is when Ankara has declared war.

Not all the drama of D-Day could be found in the military communiques. In a war of liberation such as we are waging the larger events occupy the newspapers, as they should, but there are poignant personal experiences among Europe's men and women which do not quickly come to the attention of the reader. In freed Bayeux, the flowers and wine and outbursts of joy were tokens of what our armies will find when they cut deeper inland. In this second battle of France, as in the battle of Italy and North Africa, we are giving a new voice to those whose speech was destroyed, sight to those whose vision was blotted out—we are helping to give life and opportunity again to a Europe enslaved and repressed. In that there is drama which mankind will remember long after the beast of fascism has been charred and burned into oblivion. And in giving life to others, we are safeguarding our own and recharging it with the spirit of the noblest traditions of democracy and brotherhood.



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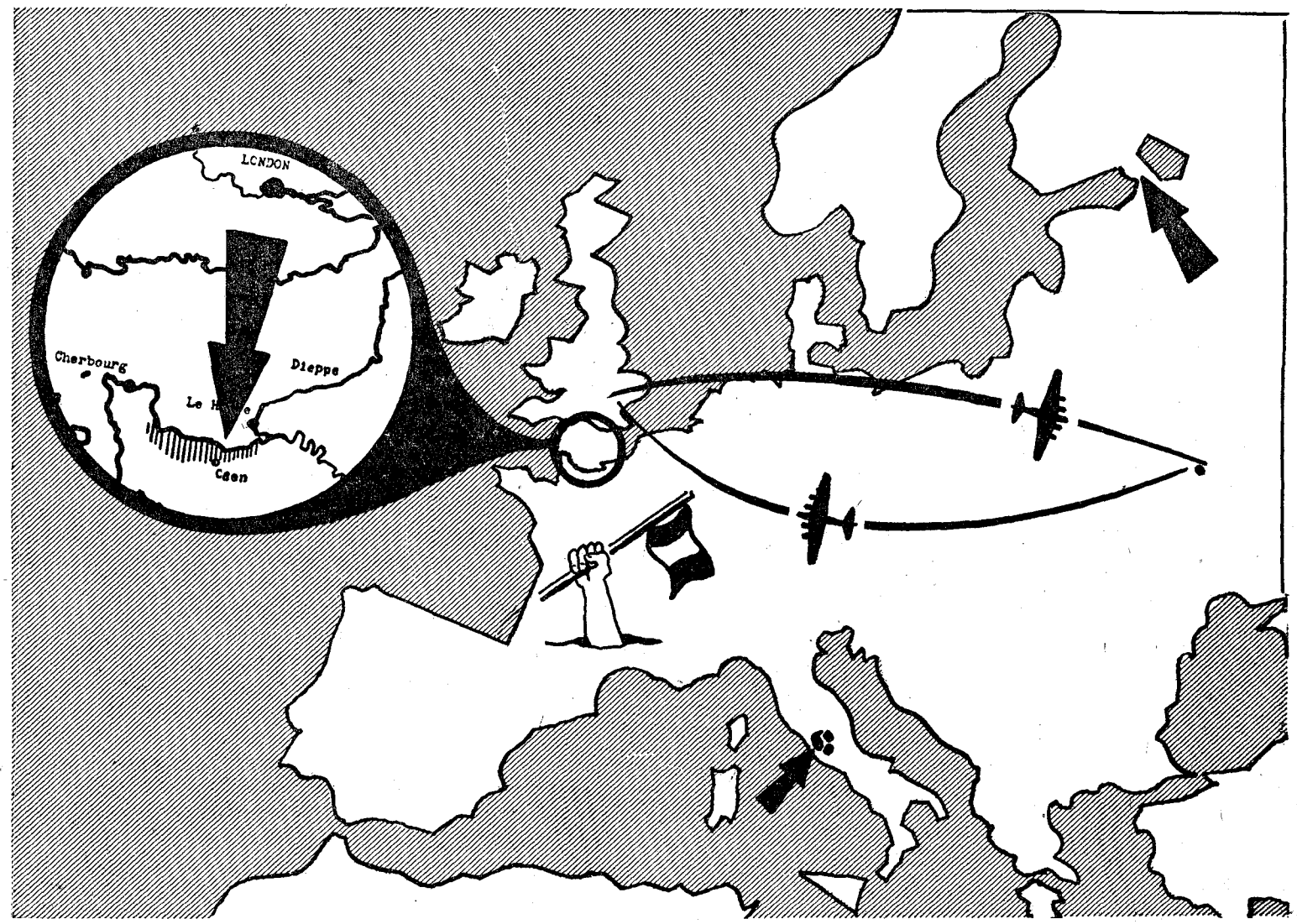


# THE STRATEGY THAT WILL WIN

**By COLONEL T.**

JUNE 2 . . . June 4 . . . June 6 . . . June 10. . . . Four dates of four events foreshadowing the beginning of the last phase of the war in Europe, and, consequently, carrying with them the promise of the shortening of the war in the Pacific theater. British and American, Russian and Chinese, French and Manchu, Czechoslovak and Korean, Pole and Filipino equally hail these events which are landmarks of a new stage of the road to victory. On the other hand, both Hitler and Tojo feel the deadly weight of these events.

From a military point of view, this first week of June 1944, marks much more than a new *phase* of the war: it marks the beginning of a new *era* of the war—*the era of true coalition strategy in a war of coalition*. Coalition strategy existed to a certain extent between England and the United States even before Pearl Harbor. Full coalition strategy, encompassing the greatest land army in the world took final shape at Teheran, which in turn was the result of the great Red Army campaign of last summer. The Battle of Moscow and even the Battle of Stalingrad did not bring about Teheran. Why? Because, putting it in its simplest form, the Red Army victories up to the summer of 1943 had been won in the winter only. The world hesitated to put its bets on the USSR because it thought that the Red Army was a "winter army" only. But Kursk and the Dnieper clinched the deal. Today we witness the events of June 2, 4, 6 and 10.

As to June 2, the date when shuttle-bombing bases began operating for American planes in the USSR: we devoted a whole article to that last week, and there is nothing to add except that the entire German position in the Balkans is now feeling the weight of shuttle-bombing, in preparation for Marshal Konev's drive to the Danube and points beyond.

June 6, of course, is the date we have been waiting for since early 1942: the date of the Invasion for Liberation. On June 6 the great Anglo-American armies concentrated in England leaped across the Channel and landed on the northern coast of Normandy between the Cherbourg and Le Havre peninsulas, on the shores where almost nine hundred years ago William the Conqueror set out for the conquest of England.

DURING the first six days of the invasion Anglo - American - Canadian troops have accomplished a number of very important things. The most important thing of immediate practical tactical value is the fact that in six days of heavy fighting our troops have been able to push deep enough into the interior (more than ten miles) to make the "mouths" of the beachheads safe from enemy artillery. Now our men can sleep, eat, and unload equipment and reinforcements without being under constant



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enemy artillery fire, as they were at Anzio for several months. This achievement opens the second phase of the operation, which is to push forward and attack the objectives assigned to our troops, objectives which are: (1) to nip off the Cherbourg peninsula, seal it off from the rest of France and capture the great port itself; (2) to hold off the German tactical reserves which Rommel has thrown into the battle for Caen in an effort to bar the road to Lisieux, Evreux, and Paris.

The capture of the port of Cherbourg would make our expeditionary force almost completely independent of the weather and the state of the sea. So far we are still completely dependent for reinforcement and supplies on so-called "small boat weather" which landing craft need for successful operation. It is now learned that toward the end of the first day of the landing the weather threatened us with a serious setback. However, luckily, the barometer rose after falling, then wobbled for several hours. Now it would seem that enough troops and supplies have been landed to make the landings stick under almost any conditions. However, much more men and stuff are needed for the development of the operations. This is where we need either Cherbourg or a month of unbroken good weather. It is clear that Cherbourg is a better bet, and this is what our men are out to get for themselves. They have the small port of Isigny and the mouth of the Orne below Caen, but this is not enough.

Our troops are reported only fifteen miles south of Cherbourg. Further to the southeast they are one-third of the way across the peninsula, well across the River Douve. They are advancing from captured Bayeux southwestward in the direction of the key to the gate to the peninsula—St. Lo. So much for the battle at the actual "invasion front."

MILITARY action, however, is by far not limited to the battle contact between our beachhead forces and the enemy. The battle of France is raging in depth, tens of miles behind the enemy front. It is being fought there by our airborne troops—parachutists and glider-borne infantry—which played such a glorious and tremendous part in the initial success of the invasion. It is clear that no description of their whereabouts can be given. As a matter of fact their presence here and there is being given out solely by enemy sources. These sources report our airborne landings along the western coast of the Cherbourg peninsula, near Lessay and Coutances, in the region of Falaise, south of Caen, near Liseux, astride the road to Paris, as well as sixty miles east of the eastern flank of our beachhead—in the area of Rouen. Thanks to the activities of these airborne troops the Germans in many points are compelled to resort to so-called circular defense, facing in all directions at once.

It is difficult to say to which branch of our services, so beautifully coordinated into a team, should go the greater part of the credit for our initial success. The Allied combined navies assured a safe crossing, having delivered "almost 100 percent" of the troops entrusted to them for the 100-mile jump from England. The German navy did not even dare attempt to interfere, except for a weak and ineffectual stab at our sea-lanes with six destroyers, which was quickly warded off. Not even the German submarines have put in an effective appearance so far.

Our navies pounded the German coastal fortifications with their big guns, de-mined the approaches to the beaches and accompanied our assault troops with their fire as far as ten miles inland.

Our air forces spread a tight and thick umbrella over the entire invasion area and have kept the Luftwaffe at arm's length. As a matter of fact the conspicuous absence of the German air force remains one of the riddles of the situation. Whatever Goering has on hand, he could have used it best to try and smash or at least disrupt our landings during the very first phase. He did not act and this hesitation may prove fatal. Our air forces not only delivered the air-borne troops to the appointed places in the enemy rear with great precision and comparative safety, but they blasted the coastal fortifications and bombed the entire German rear in the area of the invasion, i.e., within a radius of 100 and more miles of the first beachhead, and as far as Paris, thus complementing and extending the work of the naval guns.

Our infantry displayed excellent training and supreme courage in the difficult operation of landing, holding on, and then moving inland. The "Atlantic Wall" collapsed, as far as we know, wherever it was attacked, and it collapsed very quickly and at less cost to us than was expected. It *did* prove a big bluff, not as an obstacle, but as a *foolproof* obstacle to invasion.

As the invasion is developing, we have the welcome news that the German front in Italy is beginning to disintegrate. After the fall of Rome on June 4, General Clark's troops have advanced about sixty miles to the northwest. In the center of the front Avezzano is ours and so is Pescara on the Adriatic. There the enemy is simply trying to get out as quickly as possible. It is hardly probable that the Germans will make a stand short of the Livorno-Rimini line. This will be only an intermediate line. In fact the Germans will have to fall back on the Alps, and consequently will permit a junction between Marshal Tito and the Eighth Army north of Venice, and will uncover the defenses of southern France as well.

ON JUNE 10 the Red Army began its offensive. The first blow was struck on the Karelian Front. General Govorov, the gunner who helped "rock" the Mannerheim Line out of alignment in February 1940, is directing the offensive which in the first two days cracked the Finnish defenses on a twenty-five-mile front and to a depth of fifteen miles, between the Gulf of Finland and Lake Ladoga. Eighty towns and communities were liberated, including the town of Terioki.

This offensive is not yet the main blow, of course, just as the Italian offensive is not the main blow. It aims at isolating and, maybe, destroying the seven German divisions in Finland and at clearing the north coast of the Gulf of Finland. Then the Soviet Baltic Fleet can maneuver freely and support the grand offensive which will develop in the Baltic region and "points south." And, of course, it aims at knocking Finland out of the war. The hour of reckoning for the Finnish ruling gang is at hand. Procope in Washington may soon have to take a job in the movies.

Under the great aerial vault resting on the British, Italian, and Soviet bases, three coordinated offensives are developing. At last the Germans are getting what they dreaded most—a multi-front war. In fact it is a four-front war under an aerial front, if we take into consideration the underground front in Europe. It is reported that the French Maquis have seized the cities of Grenoble, Limoges, and Tarbes and have executed the local collaborationists. The news may be premature, but be this as it may, the Germans feel the dagger of the peoples of Europe at their nape. And so to final victory in Europe before the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor. So be it. . . .

**D-DAY has come and gone, and Morris U. Schappes, who fought against fascism on the home front, is still in jail. Part of the battle against the enemy at home is the battle to free Morris Schappes. Have you done everything you can to persuade Governor Thomas E. Dewey at Albany, N. Y., that he must serve the common cause by pardoning a valiant and tested enemy of Nazism and all it stands for?**



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# MEET GENERAL IKE

**By JOSEPH REED**

THE President, in choosing the Army Chief of Staff and the commander of the European theater, showed uncommon foresight and perception. Gen. George Marshall has proved the ablest staff leader the Army has ever had, and Gen. Dwight Eisenhower the best commander since the Civil War.

General Eisenhower's distinction lies not merely in the scale of the operations he is directing. What truly sets him apart is his understanding of the necessity of such operations. The record is now beginning to show that he was one of the earliest and staunchest advocates of the second front and of its execution as a multi-national undertaking. In other words, Eisenhower is a master of coalition warfare and of the command of mixed forces which even in the most favorable circumstances are the most trying of tasks in the whole book of war.

There is a tendency even among serious American and British writers on military affairs to discount the role of the commander in shaping events. Armies are viewed as machines which function in an almost wholly impersonal manner. Such a view is as wrong as the approach of the "slick" writer who attributes everything to the general. While circumstances shape leaders, leaders also shape circumstances, especially in an organization like an army. The fact that Eisenhower is among the very few commanders of modern times to achieve more than roughly parallel international military action must be set down in part to his personal qualities.

Eisenhower has brought to his tasks not only an understanding of the machinery of war, but a unique capacity for winning cooperation and support for his ideas. This in turn is based on a genuine and engaging modesty and personal integrity. These characteristics show best in seemingly small things. For example, unlike some American and British generals, he has had the good sense not to try to tell his troops that the war against Germany must be inevitably long. The contrary statements from some other commanders were made in the mistaken belief that they were the proper means of keeping the Allied war machine at maximum pitch, but they have only served to write their authors off in their soldiers' esteem. Eisenhower's declaration on the other hand that victory is in close sight, provided all work hard enough, has won the tribute, in the words of one of his soldiers, "That's a man."

In conference, Eisenhower habitually speaks of his "dumbness." "Perhaps you'd better go over that again more simply for a dumb-bunny like me," he says with his Kansas grin. This is not an inverted snobbish gesture. He really does not believe himself to be the intellectual superior of those with whom he works closely. He does not try to impress anyone with his rank. By not trying, of course, he impresses them all the more.

In the past the regular Army has not been a satisfying haven for men of genuine ability and it has been a source of wonder to some observers that the Army has been able to produce men of Eisenhower's caliber, or of Marshall's, for that matter. But Eisenhower is here, and there is no doubt that the Army today is producing leaders many of whom are men of extraordinary talent despite the small pay, the incredibly slow promotions, and the grinding, routine work.

EISENHOWER, who was born at Denison, Tex., and grew up in Abilene, Kan., graduated from West Point in 1915 at the age of twenty-four. He demonstrated his knack for administrative work during the last war when, as a twenty-seven-year-old temporary major, he organized one of the best US engineer battalions, and when as a twenty-eight-year-old temporary lieutenant colonel, he ran "the best Army camp in the country," the tank training center at Camp Colt, Pa. He was not to have an opportunity to show his ability as a field official until twenty-three years later. He used the intervening time, however, not only to go through the Army's three principal "graduate schools," the Command and General Staff School, the War College, and the Industrial College, but to ground himself in the military history of strategy, the art of combining battles to win wars.

In 1941, as a temporary colonel, Eisenhower was assigned to the Third Army (one of the four field armies in which our land forces were then organized) as chief of staff. The Third Army's smashing three-day victory in maneuvers that fall, the first large-scale field exercises in the Army's history, made him a brigadier general and brought him to the notice of President Roosevelt and General Marshall. From then on, his assigned tasks were in-

*Look them over, your brothers and your sons and daughters, the liberators, those who crossed the Channel under hellfire when*

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creasingly important, were uniformly well carried out. Two months after Pearl Harbor Marshall brought him to Washington as chief of the general staff's strategic planning branch, the operations division. According to dispatches from his headquarters on D-day, it was then that he formulated the first plans for the second front.

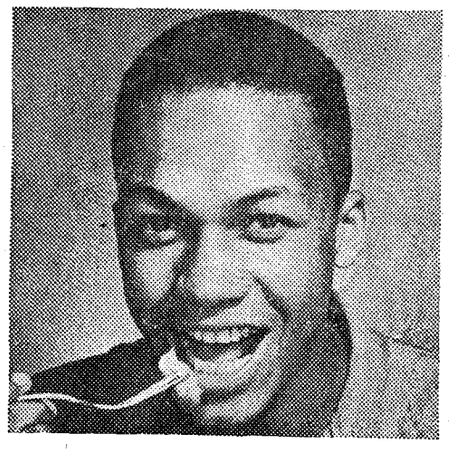
Eisenhower was then sent to London as commanding general, US Army, European Theater of Operations. He took his second front plans with him. His intention was a landing in France late in 1942, at any rate according to the celebrated *Saturday Evening Post* article by Ernest Lindley and Forrest Davis, who are reputed to have access to the documentary sources and who also say that Roosevelt, Marshall, and Eisenhower pledged a second front to Molotov during the latter's June 1942, visit to Washington. Sometime late that summer, at the insistence of Premier Churchill, the landing in Africa was substituted for the second front. Generals Marshall and Eisenhower, according to correspondents who have written from Eisenhower's headquarters, were strongly opposed to the African campaign. They regarded it as the long way to victory. Eisenhower was nevertheless named, and accepted its command.

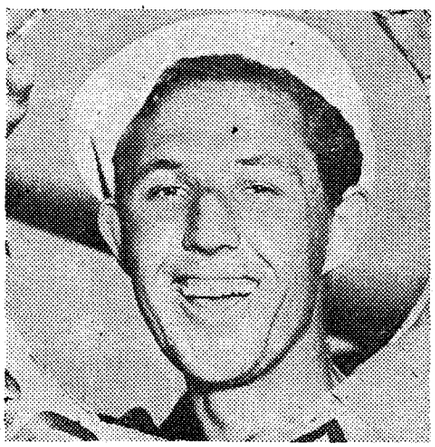
THE African campaign has many brilliant chapters despite a good deal of political bungling; the most remarkable is perhaps the welding of British, French, and American units into a single land-air-sea force. Eisenhower's achievement in this regard is especially noteworthy. Further, Eisenhower built so well that the multinational organization he established is functioning with great success in Italy although it is several months since he left it.

Eisenhower's approach to the building of genuine multi-national military collaboration is an illustration of Clausewitz' often overlooked adage that in war everything that works is simple, although the simplest things are never easy. When he arrived in London (as commander of US troops only), he found a great deal of friction between British hosts and the American soldiers who were just then beginning to pour into the British Isles. Unlike most commanders, he did not pass the buck to the morale officer and the military police, but undertook its abatement himself. He took personal charge of an educational campaign to adjust the relations of American GI's, British Tommies, and British civilians. He appreciated that Anglo-American friction could brake the joint undertaking ahead.

When he was named supreme Mediterranean commander, he hit upon a simple device which has likewise proved enormously effective: he ruled that every unit commander must have an officer of different nationality as his aide or executive. In other words, every American leader was bracketed with a Briton and vice versa. He follows an identical policy today and has even made plans to see that it is followed after Germany's collapse; every civil affairs (military government) team now being organized, for example, has mixed personnel, down to non-commissioned officers. There are differences between American and British policy, but once policy is settled at the higher levels, he sees to it that it is carried out all the way down to the lowest. And it is to Eisenhower's lasting credit that he is achieving a great degree of collaboration among soldiers from different countries, an achievement very few other supreme commanders have been able to accomplish, and that he recognized correct strategy so early in the war and fought for it so consistently.

***men and women who love General Ike. Such are the faces of the Ike said "Go."***





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# THE INVISIBLE ARMIES RISE

**By G. G. DUFOURNIER**

As THESE lines are written, the Allied attack in France is in the process of unfolding. The Nazis continue to boast that they will withstand any onslaught from the Norwegian North Cape to the Sea of Biscay. But what the Wehrmacht does not talk about is the underground army operating behind them. These forces are already coming into play and have received their instructions from General Eisenhower. Naturally it is hard to say at this moment how these operations are being coordinated with those of the Allies, but that they will play an important role is beyond question. All that can be done now is to list the underground's potential forces and the probable theaters of their activities in northern and northwestern Europe.

In the past few months Norway has been a special center of Nazi attention. A Belgian engineer, an expert in armored-concrete construction, who at one time worked for the Germans, recently escaped from Norway to Sweden and told of the nervousness of the German military and political command in Oslo. The main reason for this nervousness was the increased sabotage activity which in the opinion of the Nazi authorities is the work of organized troops operating according to military plans. Another hint of what the Nazis fear in Norway was given by a report in the Hungarian quisling newspaper *Pester Lloyd* about grand scale hunts after Allied parachutists in Norway. "These chutists get in touch with local saboteurs who are trained by these military experts coming from the skies." Recent British commando raids on islands along the northern Norwegian coast always had the collaboration of Norwegian underground commando units. Prisoners of war who succeeded in escaping from camps in Norway to the Swedish frontier have told of the work of the underground railroad in ferrying people to safety and bringing back arms and munitions. The Norwegian underground has been united from the very beginning. Its battles have been directed both against the Nazi occupation forces and against the quisling organizations.

Next is little Denmark. The Danes had no army of any importance. In the beginning they did not resist the invaders. For a long time the Nazi occupation was "soft." When German brutality began to assert itself in 1943 the Danes developed an underground, but one lacking the vast experiences of the underground of other occupied countries. This handicap is supplemented by the fact that Denmark is a small country without mountains or forests and whose communications can be easily guarded. The Nazis took every precaution to evacuate the population of strategic areas on Jutland. They drilled a relatively large number of Danish Nazis (members of Claussen's National Socialist Party) as spies and Gestapo agents to watch underground moves. Still, the Danish resistance movement has succeeded in wrecking many ships, wharves, repair shops, and a big radio plant. Especially effective was the thorough slaughtering of cattle and the decrease in the production of foodstuffs for the Nazi army.

Reports in the Nazi press about trials of many Danish patriots for signalling to British flyers indicate that the Danish underground has developed a widespread organization sabotaging Nazi anti-air-raid measures.

In southern Denmark the underground is also in contact with opposition elements in the adjoining German districts which, back in 1918, were the cradle of revolt and which again may become centers of trouble for the Berlin authorities once the Nazi apparatus begins to totter.

HOLLAND has been the scene of a relatively strong resistance movement. As in Norway, the Dutch underground directs its activities against two foes: the Nazis and the native fascists, Mussert's guards. In 1942, and until the summer of 1943, a great number of SS units composed of Dutch Mussert fascists were sent

**The Maquis Army defying German and Vichy authorities by marching into Oyonnax (France) for Armistice Day celebrations, Nov. 11, 1943.**



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to the Eastern Front and to Austria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia for combat and security duty. In Vienna there were two full regiments of Dutch SS troops guarding important war factories and a concentration camp at Steinhof. In the latter half of 1943 many of the Dutch SS troops were sent back to Holland to help exterminate the growing resistance forces.

The big ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam have been the scene of bitter struggles. A Swiss paper, *Skt. Galler Tageblatt*, recently reported the elaborate system of wrecking bridges and canals by well trained demolition units of the Dutch underground. According to the Swiss paper hundreds of Dutch officers and noncoms from the troops formed in exile have been dropped by British planes over Holland. These chutists have been acting as instructors for groups of five men with one leader each, united in provincial corps, equipped with radio sets and explosives. The Nazis have forcibly evacuated many towns and villages of strategic value, and they have taken great numbers of hostages all along the invasion coast, warning the population that the hostages will be shot if German troops or fortifications are attacked from the rear.

In Belgium the center of the resistance movement is the mining district of Vallony and the mountain territory of the Ardennes. The Belgian underground is in close contact with the French resistance groups in the industrial districts of Pas de Calais and Nord. The native fascist movement of Leon Degrelle has diminished considerably. The frantic appeals of the Rexists (as they call themselves) are ample proof of the fact that the traitors feel the soil trembling beneath their feet.

The Belgian underground army has carried out a number of highly successful attacks against plants working for the Germans, as well as mines, lighthouses, and harbor installations used by the German coastal patrol. A considerable number of Allied flyers shot down over Belgium or Germany have been hidden by the Belgians and transported to France from where they proceeded to Spain, Portugal, or Switzerland.

In Belgium and in Holland the underground is comprised mostly of the followers of the Socialist, Communist, Liberal, and Catholic parties which thus form an effective National Front of Liberation and Independence.

FRANCE is the main battleground. France will also witness the largest display of underground forces in western and northwestern Europe. Whereas the underground armies in Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium are skeleton armies with great potential reserves, but operating in the meantime with very small units, France today possesses a powerful underground army incorporated into the regular French Army. This army is second only to the heroic armies of Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia and to the troops of the Greek ELAS guerrillas. It is called *L'Armee du Maquis*, the army of the underbrush and forest. That it is a formidable and well trained force was demonstrated in Corsica where the army of the Maquis struck with precision at the moment when the first Allied landing barges reached Corsican shores.

**French fighters of the Maquis with submachine guns. Photographs smuggled out of France for March of Time's "Underground Report."**

Swiss papers carried photographs of the Maquis when it paraded near the Swiss border last Armistice day. The troops of the army of the Maquis were shown in good order, with heavy and light arms, saluting the flag of France. Brittany and Savoy are the two centers of largest concentrations of underground troops.

There are plenty of officers and noncommissioned officers to provide experienced cadres. Also, some of the materiel of the French army was hidden away from the Germans in 1940 when Marshal Petain capitulated. The Nazis themselves reported in the fall of 1943 that in a large scale action against "bands of robbers and criminals" in the mountains near Grenoble, tanks were met by anti-tank artillery fire and even by several small tanks.

Besides the concentrations of underground war materiel and troops in hideouts in Brittany and Savoy, the whole country is covered with a net of underground organizations. *Gringoire*, a fascist magazine, described the thorough organization of the underground combat units with whom Himmler's Gestapo, General Rundstedt's military intelligence, and Laval's and Darnand's quisling militia are fighting a hard but unsuccessful war. "Every group consists of only seven men," wrote *Gringoire*, "and does not know the members of any other group. There are two sub-leaders to every group, and a very far-reaching division of labor. One man is specially trained for sabotage work on rails, another for radio connection, a third for sharp-shooting, etc."

The organizing and directing of these sabotage and fighting squads is the work of the Central Resistance Council and the Partisan High Command. The Council is composed of sixteen representatives of the different groups of the anti-Nazi resistance movements: Socialists, Communists, Radical-Socialists, Catholics, trade unionists of the CGT (Confederation General du Travail), youth groups, Partisans, Combat, Franc Tireurs, Group Liberte, Coqu Enchaine and many other organizations and parties all united firmly in the burning desire to oust the Nazis and the traitors and to reestablish French independence and liberty.

A constant flow of information from underground channels reaches the headquarters of the provisional government in



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North Africa and in London. In every city, town, and village, the underground has prepared lists of fascist collaborators, maps of all important plants, German food and ammunition stores, barracks of the Darnand militia, bridges of strategic importance, etc. A very powerful branch of the Franc Tireurs and Partisans is specializing in the disruption of Nazi communication lines. In the first half of 1943 the underground destroyed more than 2,100 railroad cars and several hundred locomotives. "When the invasion occurs, plans for the destruction of bridges, roads, railroads, powerhouses, repair shops, oil dumps, etc. will go into action," reads an article in the German underground paper *Soldat im Westen* distributed among the troops of Rommel's Western anti-invasion and garrison forces. "The French underground will spare nobody who tries to defend the Nazi cause."

The Nazis are jittery. Special Elite Guard courts have been set up. Proclamations to the French warn them of furious retaliation in the event of uprisings in the rear of the German troops. Petain and Laval join their efforts with those of the Nazi authorities in order to deter the French population. But even they have to admit that ninety percent of the population is on the side of the resistance movement.

The Allies, before their attacks, sent a few weapons and supplies by air to the French underground army. But still in December 1943, the High Command of the Partisans and Franc Tireurs in a letter to Algiers complained of the scarcity of these supplies and that many of the supplies were falling into the hands of the Nazis. When the French Committee was enlarged in the spring of this year by the inclusion of two Communist members—Grenier and Billoux—one of the main points in the program of the two new members was to increase supplies of arms to the army of the underground in occupied France.

Today, together with the armies of the Allies and the peoples of all the United Nations, the *Armee du Maquis* is striking, filled with the supreme confidence of the soldiers of a great cause.

★ ★ ★

## In Battle

In heat the bread is leavened,
In battle the soul grows great.
Truth is the blood within us;
Steel, the form of our hate.

Our arms are strong for breaking
The web of fascist crime.
Our arms are warm for making
New bread, new days, a time
When children, cleansed of terror
Go dancing in the sun—

For this our final bullet,
The justice of our gun.

MARTHA MILLET.

★ ★ ★

**"Sunburst," by Edith Glaser.**



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# THE WOUNDED LOOK AT D-DAY

## By VIRGINIA GARDNER

*Washington.*

MR. JOHN O'DONNELL, columnist on the New York *News* to whom President Roosevelt once appropriately sent an iron cross, did not approve of the President's prayer broadcast on the night of D-Day. But it went over with the wounded veterans at Walter Reed Hospital. Of course, their slant on the war is unlike O'Donnell's. It is very simple. They want to win it. They are against Hitler. That's the difference.

I spent an afternoon with the boys in Ward 11-B the day after D-Day. I confess it wasn't an assignment I relished, and at first, when I got off the elevator and stood in the doorway of the big ward and listened while a woman at a piano played snatches of old tunes and the boys wrote down the titles, I forgot why I'd come. I couldn't even see their faces at first, so conscious was I of the stumps of arms and legs. But then a ward boy came up and said: "Ever see that game before? It's Singo—like Bingo, you know. But the boys aren't paying much attention to it today. Most of them, you see, have their radio headphones on. They expect another news broadcast any minute." While they finished their game, I went around in the smaller rooms. And as I talked to the vets, they put me at my ease.

Take the little brown man who shared one room with a curly-headed Irishman who lay weaving a rug of red and white, occasionally lying back and dozing off to sleep—when in a dream his face would contort with pain. The little brown man's name card read Kengo Otagaki, but he was very particular that he be called "Ken." He was from Honolulu. He is half Japanese, I learned.

"I am glad at the invasion news," he said with a smile, his voice not much more than a whisper. "Here, sit here, lady. Do I sound heartless? No, I am glad, but the first thing I do, I offer a prayer for our comrades. I like to be back, to stay with our comrades and pitch in." He closed his eyes, but only for a minute. "I could not listen much to the radio yesterday, as I was operated on. But I was the first on the floor to know. The ward boy woke me and my partner over here at 4:30 to get our penicillin. He told us. For a time, I am scared, with them. Anyone who says he is not scared when he first lands, is lying. But there is the will to go on," he whispered hoarsely. "That is what makes a man."

"And where did you gets yours? And was it very bad?" I asked brashly.

He smiled a little. "Yes, it was very bad. My right leg is gone to here." He touched his frail hip. "These three fingers on my right hand are gone. And the eyesight in my right eye. My other leg was peppered but it will be all right. We were near Cassino. Two men in the forward company were wounded and a runner came back to let us know they were behind the enemy lines. They asked for volunteers and nine of us went up, with the guide. The mountain we were on was practically snow-covered. It was a very good background for observation for the enemy," he said with precision. "They got us—of the ten, counting the guide, nine were hurt, four died, and one escaped injury. But for him it was the worst—went batty." I didn't understand at first. From the corner of the room a voice exclaimed, "psychotic, he went nuts." The little brown man went on: "To see all your friends get it and to be able to do nothing. Yes, I glad not to be he." Then, as he was getting tired, he explained in snatches of sentences how they were rescued. It took from seventy to eighty men to carry a man down that mountain, which he, in his precise language, called "evacuation by a team of litters." They had started up at 3 PM, and attacked at 5 AM next day, immediately on arrival. The enemy was well dug in. "We gained our objective three days later," he reported. He was fifteen hours going down the mountain. But there was something else he wanted to say.

"When we landed—I look around at the faces. These are wounded men, schooled not to show feeling," he said. "But lady—think—we look around, we breathe clean air, no stench, no filth, we see happy faces, normal life, here is decency and here is American shores—and I see many a man with the tears roll down the face."

Yet all of this enthusiasm for America is not going to keep Ken here. He is going to beat it back to the island as soon as he gets his leg. He has been assured he can get his job back managing a farm. He went through the university there and was a teacher at the age of twenty-one. "But I do not like to wear a tie," he said. "I am a farmer at heart. I quit teaching and now I want to go back and work in the soil and feel time pass slowly; I want to be with my people."

AS BROAD of shoulder as Ken was narrow, a handsome youth with gleaming white teeth, and regular Arrow-collar ad features and eyes, Arnold J. Spolter, another private in the infantry, pointed laughingly to the foot of his bed when I asked him where he was from. I had missed his pennant proclaiming him a Brooklyn Dodgers partisan. He now lives in Providence, R. I., but still counts himself from Brooklyn. When I asked his age, he said carefully, "Twenty-two and a half." I had broken up a pinochle game he was playing with one lad who moves around handily in a wheel chair. They learned to play the game in Africa. Before the operation on his leg, Spolter used to get around, too—and used to jitterbug with another vet. Both were missing right legs.

"It's really wonderful the invasion has started," he said eagerly. "Don't get me wrong. I know what the guys are in for. But the war will be over that much sooner." He stopped as a trio began harmonizing on *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*. He smiled. "That goes on all the time. Can we help it if we're light-hearted? I'm that way, that's all. And when I get out of here I'm going to take two girls dancing instead of one. I'm going to two night clubs for every one I missed." Then he proudly pulled a worn clipping out of a red hand-tooled leather wallet. It was from *Stars and Stripes*, and it told of his having been captured by the Nazis after the Salerno assault and reported MIA (missing in action) only to turn up later after twenty-three days in hiding. He chatted about his German captors, the barbed-wire enclosure they first put him in. He was with a tiny group of four or five left as rearguard when his outfit withdrew, and they found themselves near the German lines with tanks approaching and in the face of machine-gun fire. From one barbed-wire enclosure they were driven in trucks fifty-five miles to a prison, while our own Spitfires strafed the convoy and knocked out six trucks.

He told of one Nazi in the truck who talked politics with him. Arnold studied German and speaks it easily. "He began telling me Hitler was the most wonderful man in the world and that if we could only get rid of Churchill and Roosevelt and Stalin, everything would be swell. I wanted to punch him in the jaw but it wouldn't have been exactly expedient." Next morning he and eleven others walked out, past the Italian guards, who hated the Nazis and let them go knowingly.

But most of all this youngster from Brooklyn talked about the Italian family who hid them. The boy, Prisco, fifteen, twice risked his life to come to tell them that the Nazis were nearing the house and knew their hiding place.

"That wonderful kid," said the Brooklyn boy, who was all of seven years older. "You know what he'd do, too? Before it got so hot, he'd come to our place and



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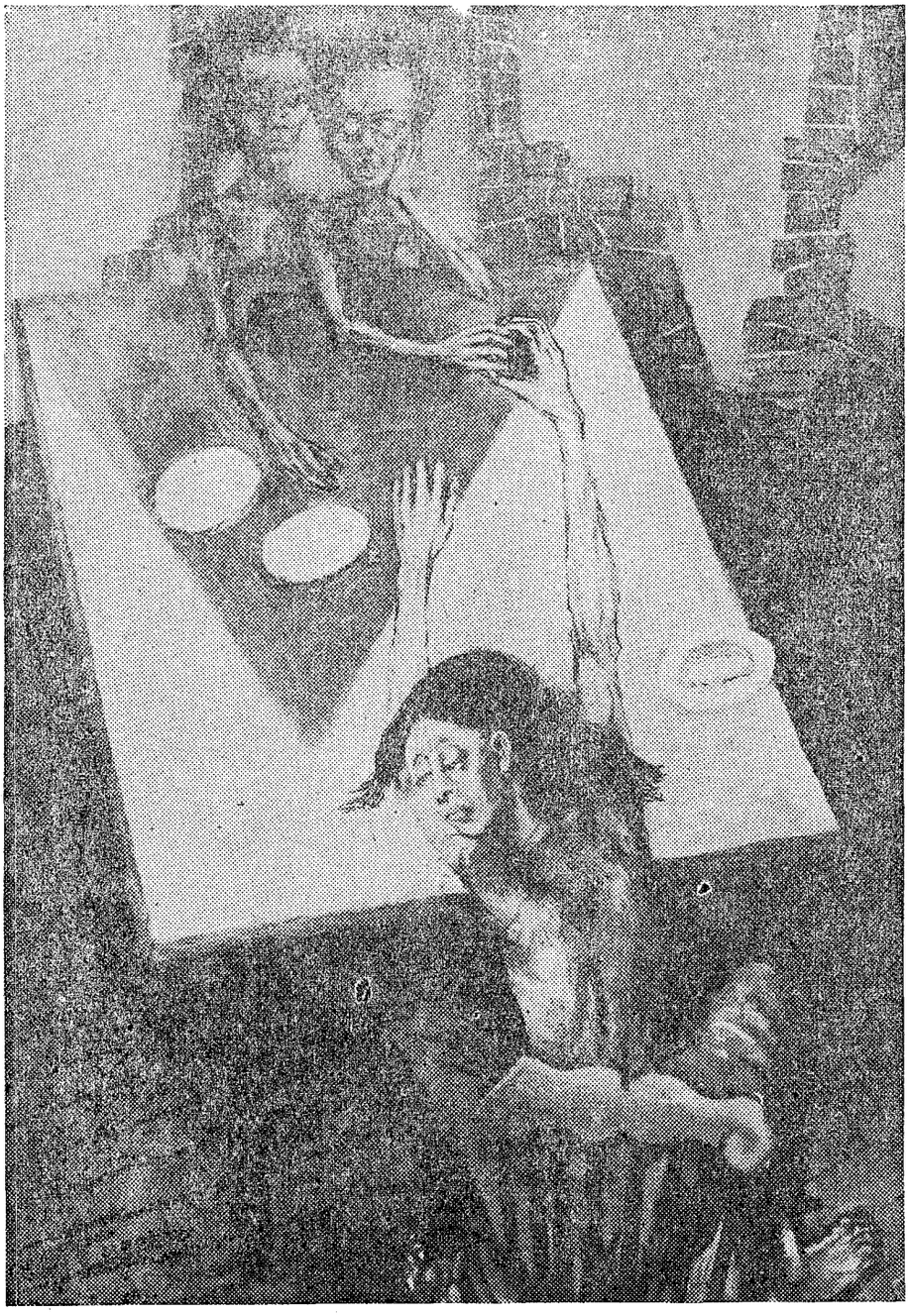
lecture us sternly on how we mustn't stay in a hole all the time—it wasn't good for us. He'd make us go for a walk with him along the country roads. And if anyone would approach who wasn't safe he'd warn us. He knew no English, but he'd just say, 'Fascisti, fascisti,' and that meant to keep still. And as soon as we can get mail through—the town's in British hands now —I'm going to get Angelina a dress. She was his sister, seventeen. Not beautiful, no, but—pretty, in a tomboyish way. She used to climb trees to get us figs. And when the English came in, that day she made white noodles, instead of brown, and brought us some, and said, crying, we could go—it was goodbye."

It was after he went back into action, after two weeks' rest, when he stepped on three pounds of dynamite. He had just happened to put his gun down and was carrying it between his legs, so that most of it hit the gun; otherwise he would have been killed. "I'm just lucky," he said.

WARD 11-B is consistently American, as it couldn't be unless it resembled a mixture of the United Nations, with native mountaineers and plains boys seeming just as distinctive as the Italians or Hawaiians or Mexicans: as much so and as little so. The differences were there and the boys enjoyed being superior about their own locales, gently chafing the others. With a global point of view and experience you can afford to do that.



**"Europe's Children," by Philip Evergood.**

They grow up tough in the hills of West Virginia, but Sgt. Tony Falbo, of Smithers, W. Va., while admitting that simple truth, is generous about the rest of America. "You take most any American," said this veteran of twenty-five months in the Pacific, "and get 'em real mad and they'll fight better'n the Japs." The only distinction he makes is that it may take less to make a West Virginia hill-billy mad.

Tony is a tough little guy, all right, but nice, said the ward boy whom I spoke to later. Everyone feels good around Tony. I could see why. He has a one-sided smile and a little short, infectious laugh, and an eye with a light in it. Watching his eyes and that smile, I completely forgot about those stumps of arms, with the hooks at the ends, which he manipulated so wonderfully, lighting his own cigarettes, writing down a name for me, and so on. By this time I'd talked to a few of the vets and I could even kid about it. "Those your own elbows?"

"Yeah," he said, with his little laugh, "them's real." Tony didn't have to have any amputating—his arms were blown off just the way they are now, the medic told me. I asked Tony if he'd rather be where he is or be well and in France with the rest now. "I'd rather take a chance on what's goin' on," he said, with his chuckle. "Everyone says they want to be in it. But after you're in it, don't let anyone kid you, you don't want to be in it —unless you like goin' hungry for a week at a time, and being scared. It's just a living hell—let's don't kid around about it. But still and all, you gotta do it. I think this is the knockout blow for the Axis powers. Look at Russia. Look at us. Hitler can't fight us both. And when Hitler goes down, the Japs can't last too long." He paused, and that short laugh came again. "It's going to be great, the effect this will have on the Pacific. Course, there's goin' to be a little fighting. Them Japs is crazy. They're not hard, they're crazy. It's all in the way a feller was brought up. We're a little crazy in West Virginia, too—just crazy enough, though."

IN A FAR corner of that room was Walter J. Pierowicz, twenty-six, of Buffalo, whose muscles rippled as he moved his broad shoulders and arms. But he had only two short stumps as legs. This veteran of four invasions, in Africa, Sicily and Italy, talked at length about the invasion. "Well, it should be goin' pretty good. Looks like the Nazis are fighting with their backs to the wall. It doesn't sound right to say you're glad the invasion's begun—but it's war. There's got to be deaths, and wounded, in war. And there's no way they can stop us now." Pierowicz was in training school in Walter Reed a couple of years ago. In the medical corps, he was what is called a "company aide man," or "front



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line attendant." It is highly dangerous work. Facing enemy fire, these men are themselves completely unarmed. "The Germans attacked, we drove them back all night, but they just kept on mortaring us. One dropped just about on me, and that's all. Here I am." He has two big regrets: that he didn't get to Rome, and that he missed Bob Hope in Italy. "I heard him after the President last night. Both were great." Pierowicz is using his time studying bookkeeping with books provided by the Red Cross.

At the far end of the biggest room are two who've become friends. Maybe the mountains of New Mexico and the lonely flat stretches of Texas breed the same qualities of gentleness and shyness and slow dry humor. Before going in the Army, Jack King, of Stamford, Tex., a private in the 36th Division, Co. K, did "a little of everything," but mostly chopped cotton. He has a narrow face, and that red "country" skin, and large brown sensitive eyes. He took off his earphones as I came up. Then his eyes grew perplexed as I asked him if he'd like to be in on the invasion. He rolled a cigarette and took it between thumb and forefinger and it looked awfully good as he took a deep drag on it. "I don't know rightly, ma'am," he said, and smiled his rare, disarming smile. "Sometimes a feller thinks he does, and again he thinks he don't want to be in it. But I'm glad to see it," he said in a low voice. "Seems like —we been waitin' fer it a mighty long time. Waitin' and a-waitin'. Seems like it had to come. This is it. Now it's here, there isn't anything else."

JACK was one of those who landed at Salerno, and south of Cassino—he never did get there—on a snow-covered mountain, he was advancing slowly with the others, when "they just froze up." He meant his feet. He looked down at them in their huge bandages. "They've already cut on 'em." Another question from me. "Took my toes off, and a little more. I don't believe anybody 'cept me'll know it," he said confidentially. "Reckon I'll go back home after they get through with me."

Some of the boys wanted to see the world. "I've seen enough," said twenty-two-year-old Jack. "Little old ratty towns of Europe. I want to get out home where you can see where you're headin' fer." What town was he near? Austin? Yes, that was 250 miles away—just a little piece.

His neighbor laughed at the "ratty little towns" phrase. He was an equally soft-spoken fellow, a Mexican, from Wagon Mound, N.M. His town was named for a mountain the shape of a covered wagon, and the Santa Fe Trail led through there. Martinez worked in logging camps most of his life, enlisted in January 1941. Three or four weeks after landing on the Anzio beachhead, "we was diggin' in one day, and I left my foxhole. I was goin' to borry a sandbag," he said, grinning at Jack, who grinned back, appreciating the humor of it more than I, "when along she came. I blew up in the air two—three feet." He stopped. What then? "I let out a holler and a medic came runnin." Again I had to question him. "I got in my foxhole all right—I was right near it—and he had to get in with me to bandage me up." The sheet was over him and I stammered, "What—well, what?" and he looked at me, grinned and said: "I got my leg blowed off, that's what."

Martinez has a sister who's a WAC at Fort Meyer, and she comes to see him almost daily. Martinez is going back home, too, but I didn't have the nerve to ask him what he'd do in a logging camp with one leg. It was hard going, anyway, dragging any information from these two laconic southwesterners. I knew I'd got from them all I would get. But something held me there, standing between the two beds. I lingered on, hating to go. Maybe it was the feeling of Jack's loneliness. He had no family visiting him—a mother down in Texas, that's all. But I don't think that was it. They had enough companionship between them, this "poor white" boy from the South, a fatherless kid who worked around on farms when he was growing up, and the Mexican who had probably known bitter discrimination. It seemed to me I could see their childhoods stretched out—one chopping cotton and dragging that big toesack down the interminable rows, the other taking on a man's work in his teens.

I kept waiting for something, waiting for some word I was expecting. I don't know what I thought it would be, but something that would show they looked forward to a better life after the war for certain economically under-developed parts of our own country and for other countries. Well, I didn't get the word. I hung about and then said so-long and left. But in thinking back on those two, and on the others, it seemed to me that all of them had the war in their bones, what bones they had left. It was enough for them to preserve what we had in America, yes; but without their thinking about it they knew changes for the better would come. I remembered the friendliness and respect with which a Negro attendant was received on the ward, too. Maybe these vets didn't often mention fascism, but for the remainder of their lives they would know it if they saw it, they would identify it with the enemy, and they would not tolerate it.

## Dialogue for D-Day

My child born in the red year opens his fingers
and what have I got to put inside his hand?

*Give him a toy, give him the world to jingle*
*as it will be when he is a man.*

The world is too small for this small hand;
it is a shrunk and withered apple
rotten with death at the heart.

*It is an apple with the seeds of life*
*golden at its heart.*

The world will bite too hard for this small hand;
its teeth are sharp and poisonous with lies.
It is a skull with swastikas for eyes.

*It is the brainpan of a living man*
*singing with the future. It will speak*
*in promises of honey summertime;*
*Give it to your child.*

How do I know
the world is safe for little hands to hold?
He is not one year old.

*We go*
*across the hungry sea to make it so.*

JOY DAVIDMAN.



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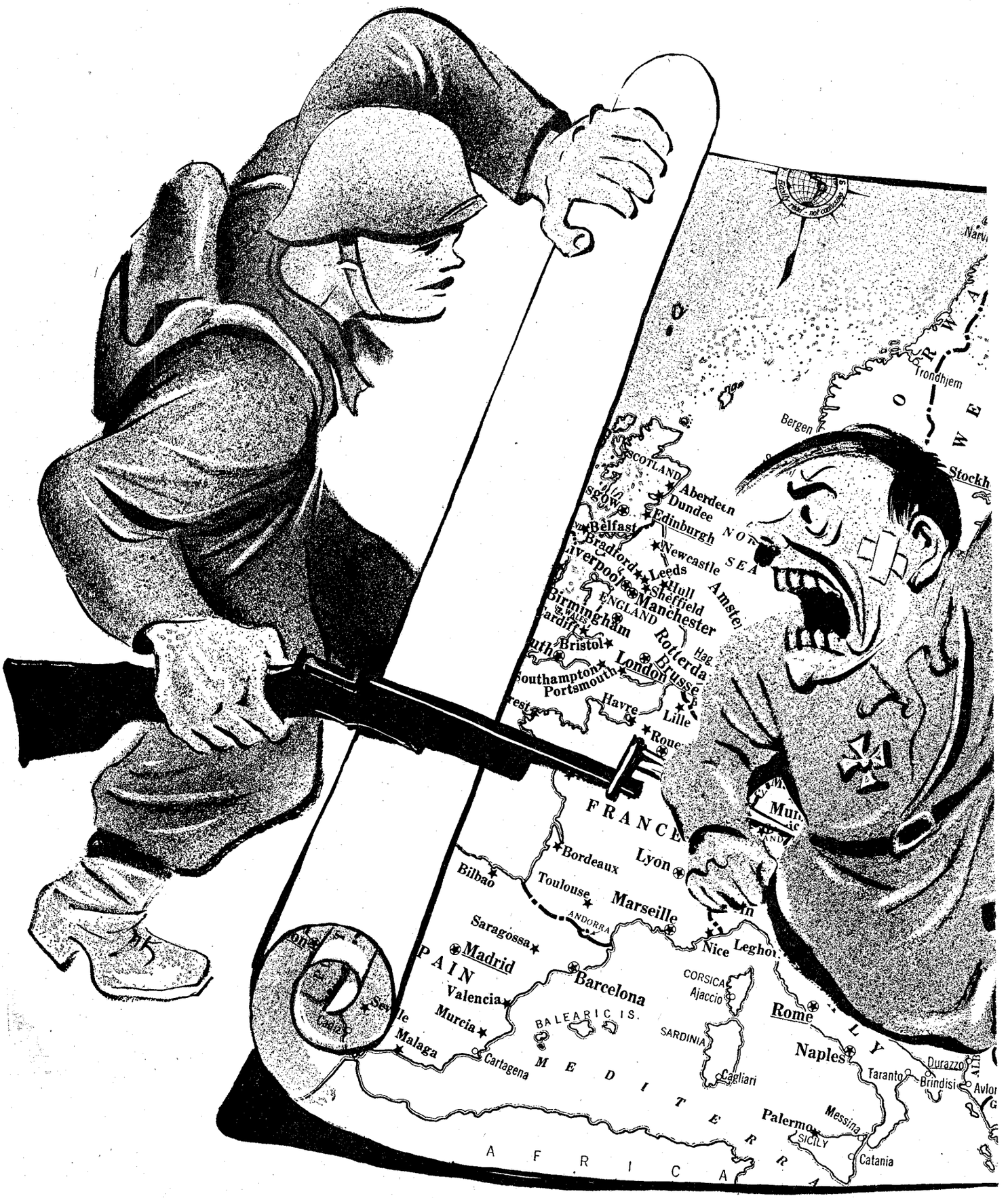


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**By Pvt. Clarence Weinstock, winner second place, in North African theater of operations "Why I Fight" essay contest.**

SOME weeks ago I was at a hospital to which sick and wounded men are sent from the front. Every evening those of us who were well enough to be up went to the dayroom to read, work jigsaw puzzles, or listen to the guitar players. We sat around in the handsome maroon bathrobes of the Medical Department of the Army. The robes were initialed MDUSA and the boys, with the wry humor of men who live dangerously, claimed this meant *Many die U shall also.*

One night we sang. Old American songs, souvenirs of other times of crisis, "John Brown's Body," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," songs of the land, "Red River Valley," "Shenandoah," songs of cities, "East Side, West Side," "St. Louis Blues." We stopped for a moment and the man with the guitar said, "Ever hear this one?" He hit the strings and sang. We knew the tune—everyone does—but here were the words:

*There's no one on the skyline,*
*That's sure a pretty good sign*
*Those eighty-eights are breakin' up*
*That old gang of mine.*

*Gee, you get that lonesome feelin'*
*When you hear that shrapnel whine,*
*Those eighty-eights are breakin' up*
*That old gang of mine.*

Many of the boys laughed, but not as you do at a good joke. They grinned because they could still make fun of death, because brave men kid when there is really nothing to laugh about.

Afterward, lying on my cot, I kept thinking, "Do these boys who are so good in a fight, and so gentle and thoughtful toward each other here, have to be asked what they are fighting for?" Isn't that one of those questions you cannot grasp because the answer seems so obvious? "Why do you want to live?" "Is happiness good or bad for one?" I heard the question put another way in the same dayroom. The boys were talking about going home, where there were no "C" rations, no shells, bombs, booby traps, and machine pistols. "Sure, everybody wants to get out of this," someone said, "but which one of us, one man alone, would take a personal trip ticket to the States and wish the others good luck in their foxholes?" It was in the song of the 88's and through the dayroom speaker that I began to find my answer.

No man stands alone. In war you leave your family and peacetime friends and the comrades of your company lessen your fears and your loneliness. In them you rediscover your country, the men of all states, the people who made America, with their hundred ways of speaking, their tall stories and their fast answers, their clever repair-job hands and their clear making-something minds, their easy giving and willingness to be shown, their big laughter at false fronts and their quick comeback for injustice. You hear their songs of longing and battle, of loneliness and solidarity, the songs of the whole history of your country. And then you know why you fight on the cold Italian beaches and hills: If you failed these men it would be like walking out of your own house and never coming back again.

Yet that isn't all you fight for. You can live in a house and not know who built it; but you have *got* to remember the thoughts and blood that made our house, America, if you value your freedom. I'm not thinking of the school textbooks where you see pictures of noble gentlemen in lacy shirts and velvet breeches signing the Declaration of Independence. I mean Franklin when he joked like the men in the hospital —"We must all hang together or we will all hang separately." I mean Tom Paine



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writing on a drum in a snowy field by the light of his fellow soldiers' lamps: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."

It took us some time to remember Tom Paine, to learn that we couldn't buy our freedom with other men's effort. Few of us knew that we were threatened and mocked in Manchuria, Ethiopia, and Spain. The men who died there, our brothers, fell unhelped and unmourned by America. Our neighbor, Mr. Chamberlain, could even say that the citizens of Czechoslovakia were a people "of whom we know nothing," and whose affairs did not concern him. Mr. Chamberlain also did not know Tom Paine, who said, "Where freedom is *not*, there is my country." Not until Pearl Harbor did we, as a nation, learn that liberty, like peace, is indivisible, that oppression anywhere on this earth menaces our happiness and security. If we fight today to free the countries overrun by fascism, we also fight against our own enslavement. Others' war of liberation is just as much our war of survival. Even if war had not been declared or waged against us, we, a free people, could not exist in a conquered world. We would be destroyed by a tyranny which our indifference had fed. We would have to yield to power because we had given up our heritage of liberty, keeping quiet when it was time to take up arms, crying peace when there was no peace.

WHAT else do we fight for? We are an Army fighting for happiness. The pursuit of happiness was our idea and we fought for it in 1776. Because we won, the great French revolutionist, Saint Just, was able to say, "Happiness is a new idea in Europe." He meant that for thousands of years people may have desired and reached out for simple pleasures, but it didn't occur to them that they had a *right* to be happy. They fought wars because they were ordered to, or to make money, like the Hessians whom Washington defeated at Trenton. It took our forefathers, with their inalienable rights of man, to give men something truly their own to fight for.

Today we are at war with powerful industrial nations whose social structures are viciously antiquated. These countries never achieved a democratic revolution. Their rulers regard them as feudal domains from the boundaries of which raids are made on highways and neighboring lands. For them there are no citizens, only serfs whose value lies in their eagerness to sacrifice themselves for their "betters." The Nazi knights rant about "duty" and "sacrifice," and every soldier in Italy has seen, painted on walls and latrines, the favorite fascist slogan, *"Credere, Obbedire, Combattere"*—believe, obey, fight. Our enemies used to like to call us effete democracies. Why effete? Because we desired happiness for ourselves and our fellow citizens? Now we know they are afraid of our great democratic happiness. For our idea of happiness is indissoluble with liberty and equality. It excludes no human being because of his color, the country he was born in, what he believes or doesn't believe. It knows no elite, no restricted, no privileged blood. It made us a great nation and as long as we hold to it we shall be united against our enemies.

What of my own personal happiness then? How does the great American dream, the pursuit of happiness, jibe with my present life? The answer is simple. I know how liberty had to be achieved in America and how it must be saved today. I know what price liberty. I could have no happiness if, knowing what I do know, I found myself unwilling or reluctant to pay. We cannot live the dream created by our fathers for us unless we give it new existence and reality—for ourselves and our children. If freedom is imperiled by my comfort, I must give up my comfort. My happiness now can only spring from the fight to preserve my freedom on a plane compatible with human dignity, on terms which do not involve its denial to millions of my brothers.

I fight to return to my native land, and to help make its future. I want every man and woman who fought or worked for victory to enjoy the riches they helped defend—the soldier, the sailor, the miner and millworker, the weaver and the typist. I want an America that will say to Anglo-Saxon and Slovak, Chinese and Puerto Rican, Negro and Jew, "I am your country, for which you stood watch with your guns and before the mast, at furnaces and in the fields, by looms and at desks. As you would have been slaves in defeat, you are co-equals in victory."

I know there are some people who think they are better than others because their great grandparents came over on the Mayflower, or because they are paler than Pearl Harbor's Dorie Miller or the slave Crispus Attucks, who died fighting at Bunker Hill. They think they are entitled to bigger paying jobs, finer education, softer seats in the theater, and a greater say in the government. But ask any man at the front, "Does a Jew, a Mexican, a Chinese boy, or a black man not behave as nobly, do his wounds not run blood, do they hurt him less, does his mother weep less for him when he dies?" You know his answer already. I want that answer spoken in the realities of American life, so that every one of us will be able to do useful, creative work, unhampered by poverty or discrimination.

Today we fight a great just war of liberation. We do not idealize conquest like the Nazi historians and Prussian officer-landowners. We do not cry "War is beautiful," like the fascist poet Marinetti. We do not compare bomb bursts in defenseless Ethiopian villages to the unfolding of rose petals, like the fascist duckling Bruno Mussolini. Such heroics are not for us. The face of war is no different for us now than it was to Harriet Tubman, escaped slave and Union soldier, who watched the storming of Fort Wagner outside Charleston: "And then we saw the lightning and that was the guns, and then we heard the thunder and that was the big guns, and then we heard the rain falling and that was the drops of blood falling, and when we came to get in the crops it was dead men that we reaped."

No, we did not pant for war like our enemies; but now we thirst for victory. The destroyers must be destroyed. The killers of Guernica, Lidice, Nanking, Pearl Harbor, the torturers of Russian farmers have to be erased from our human world. Our hate will only burn out when it has dealt with them all, the "Leaders," the "Dukes," the Gauleiters and the Squadristi, the Iron Guards and the Samurai.

We will come home bringing peace. Every one of us has gone over the moment when he will walk down a familiar street and step into his own house again. There are streets in London, Hankow, Rotterdam, Sevastopol, in a hundred other cities, where a man might not find his own house. Perhaps no one could tell him where his wife and children are. We Americans are a lucky people. Even now we will return to a happiness others dare not even hope for. We will return wiser too, more trustful of our allies, readier to stand together with them when freedom is at stake. And we will have learned that it is up to us to keep the promise our forefathers made, of "A new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Not every soldier will be able to put his thoughts in words for you. For one thing he may be too busy behind his rifle sight. Or he may just not feel like talking. But ask yourself, "Does this man know what he is fighting for?" and you will notice something. He may bitch about the food, close order drill, and lack of ratings. He will be afraid at times and lonely very often. But you will never hear him pity himself. He knows that his people's fate brightens in his steady hands and that their love follows him into battle. I am proud to know him.



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# WHAT ABOUT CARTELS? II

## By A. B. MAGIL

*In his first article last week Mr. Magil pointed out that: (1) the cartel, like the merger or holding company, is one of the forms of capitalist monopoly and it may function on a domestic scale as well as internationally; (2) the cartel problem is, therefore, in essence the problem of monopoly and the role it will play after the war; (3) though in a formal sense and as a centrally organized system cartels have reached their highest development in Germany and have also been prevalent in other European countries, they are by no means exclusively European: in our own country the trade associations, the export associations under the Webb-Pomerene act and various types of agreement among big business concerns for controlling markets, fixing prices, etc., are for all practical purposes American equivalents of the European cartels; (4) one cannot "destroy" cartels, that is, capitalist monopoly, without destroying capitalism, for monopoly, while encouraged or discouraged by various public or private measures, is basically the inevitable result of the concentration of production and capital that took place in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a concentration indispensable for technological and social progress; (5) since the peoples of most capitalist countries will for some years to come wish to retain their present economic system rather than change it to socialism, we are faced with the problem of "living with" private monopoly in the postwar period in a way that will make possible the continuation of wartime levels of production and employment and promote peace, stability, and democratic progress.*

IN CONSIDERING the cartel and monopoly problem in the postwar period it is well to bear in mind that while rhetoric, like confession, may be good for the soul, a scapegoat is a poor substitute for a solution. My purpose in this article is to suggest an approach based neither on ideal blueprints nor on shopworn stereotypes, but on *the new social and political conditions that are being shaped by the war and by the historic accords of Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran.* First let us examine two other approaches to the postwar monopoly problem, one that is typical of British and the other of American thinking.

In Britain various big business groups and individuals have brought forward proposals for the extension with government sanction of pre-war cartelization. For example, in November 1942, a group of leading British industrialists issued a statement entitled "A National Policy for Industry," which outlined a plan for closely knit associations in all branches of industry, as well as a central council of industry, to regulate production, fix prices and "discourage wasteful and destructive competition." The statement also suggested for further consideration the question of whether associations should be given powers to enforce decisions and make membership compulsory. Though baited with attractive offers to labor and couched in euphemistic phrases about "service to the community as a whole," these proposals would have the effect of turning over to private monopolies determination of questions vitally affecting the national welfare and relations with other countries. More recently there has appeared the World Alliance Plan of Sir Edgar Jones, a former director of Courtaulds, Ltd., and an executive of the international tin plate cartel. This plan goes a step farther, proposing a network of international cartels to control world production, markets, and prices.

ON THE surface the prevailing American approach appears to be the direct antithesis of the British. In his book *America Unlimited,* Eric Johnston, president of the US Chamber of Commerce, describing his visit to England last summer, writes: "My persistent defense of free enterprise—for America, for Britain, and for the world—apparently made me an arch-conservative in British eyes. A hankering for monopoly and restrictive combinations, sign of an economic 'tory' in the United States, seems fairly standard economic progressivism in England. On numerous occasions I had to defend and explain our distaste for monopoly as a basic element in American economic life. Outside our frontiers, apparently, the popular reaction against the cartel system exposed by the war crisis has not yet been understood." And Mr. Johnston reports that he told a luncheon of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce that "No American . . . can intelligently and sincerely promise cooperation in any system of worldwide cartels. Our law is unsympathetic toward it and our temperament is hostile toward it."

This general view is supported in two recent speeches on the cartel problem by Attorney General Francis Biddle and Assistant Attorney General Wendell Berge. And both declare in substance that "this country is in no mood to give up an American way of life because Europe believes in cartels" (Berge, address before the Export Managers Club, May 16, 1944). Curiously, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Berge both cite the automobile industry as an example of a typically American competitive industry—even though ninety percent of the production of cars is in the hands of three giant companies.

This view of the American economy as essentially competitive and anti-monopolist, and the accompanying hostility toward any government effort to do more than play policeman are prevalent not only among businessmen, but among all sections of our population, including the labor movement. There is no need to make an issue of this view even though the facts do not support it and the necessities of our day compel practical measures that run counter to it. For ours happens to be an economy in which before the war monopoly was, if anything, even more highly developed than in Britain, and no one should know this better than the two leading officials of the Department of Justice, which participated in the investigations of the Temporary National Economic Committee (TNEC).

Thus both the British receptivity to cartels as a means of solving the problems of postwar economy and the American rejection of everything that is not in accord with American "free enterprise" conceptions represent essentially a continuation of pre-war attitudes that ignore the new pattern of world relationships emerging out of the war. Starting from what appear to be two opposite points on the economic compass—the one frankly pro-monopoly and the other professedly anti-monopoly—they arrive at the same place: both seek freedom for big business to shape each nation's economic policy in disregard of radically altered world conditions *which require a different approach if both British and American capitalism is to flourish and play its part in fulfilling the commitments of Teheran.*

A further aspect of the American approach is its reliance on the anti-trust laws as an antidote to domestic monopolistic tendencies and to entanglements with international cartels. Yet it was the inadequacy of the anti-trust laws that led President Roosevelt in 1938 to send his message to Congress which resulted in the TNEC investigation. If these laws and the general anti-trust approach to the



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monopoly problem were inadequate then, what shall be said of them today? The fact is that it required the intervention of the War and Navy Departments to prevent the doctrinaire trust-busters of the Justice Department (who evidently never read the warning in the President's 1938 message against "ill-considered 'trust-busting' ") from starting prosecutions that would have injured the war effort.

I am not arguing against the anti-trust laws. They have been useful in the past in curbing certain monopolistic excesses and can be useful in the future. In fact, this line of action needs to be further extended through supplementary legislation such as that recommended by the TNEC and the various proposals to end patent abuses and require registration with the government of all international agreements between private firms. However, I am arguing most emphatically in favor of bringing the administration of the anti-trust laws and of all similar legislation in harmony with national policy in the war and in the peace. And above all, I am urging that these laws be recognized for what they are: primarily police measures, limited, largely negative in effect and no substitute for a positive economic program nationally and internationally, a program that will enable this highly monopolistic capitalist economy of ours to function for the benefit of our own people and the peoples of other lands. For this a new approach to the cartel and monopoly problem is necessary.

FIRST, we need to reconcile ourselves to the fact that industrial concentration is here to stay; and there ought to be expunged from the Department of Justice all vestiges of that philosophy which hangs like a pall over it from the days of Thurman Arnold that such concentration, whether under private or public auspices, is a sinister and conspiratorial thing and ought in some fashion to be broken up. Second, it should be recognized that while certain of the social and political effects of concentration under capitalism are harmful and require regulation, the criteria for determining what is good and what is bad must be found not in the precedents of the past, but in the needs of the present and future. Whatever helps the war and helps in achieving high production and employment and international stability in the postwar should be encouraged; whatever hinders the war or directly helps the enemy (such as Standard Oil's agreements with the IG Farbenindustrie), and whatever restricts production and employment and creates obstacles to international stability in the postwar should be discouraged and, if need be, prosecuted. Third and most important, it should be recognized that *the general political role of monopoly has changed in important respects* and that forces are at work which tend to continue that change in the peace.

**"Send me the foreman on this project at once!"**

To illustrate what I mean let me cite a passage from the President's 1938 message: "Today many Americans ask the uneasy question: Is the vociferation that our liberties are in danger justified by the facts? . . . Their answer is that if there is that danger, it comes from that concentrated private economic power which is struggling so hard to master our democratic government." This was an accurate description of the political role of monopoly not only in this country, but in Britain and France as well, throughout most of the period from the rise of Hitler to the outbreak of World War II. Today this situation has changed. The principal fascist threat to our country comes not from within but from without—that's why we're fighting this war. And while there are still powerful monopolist forces (like the du Ponts and Henry Ford) that work along the old lines and secretly encourage efforts for a negotiated peace, most of the leading business groups (including the House of Morgan, which in the earlier period was active in the pro-fascist Liberty League) are behind the war and the administration's foreign policy. The very strength of American monopoly causes it to resist stubbornly the serious weakening of its position that would ensue from a German victory and from any curtailment of American national independence. Its basic economic and political interests now coincide with the national interest and bring it into alliance with all other classes, thereby moderating inter-class conflicts.

But it will be asked: what guarantee is there that the leaders of American business, those hardbitten monopolists, will, once the Axis menace is lifted, continue to cooperate to assure expanding production and well-being and a cooperative world? There are no guarantees except those that these businessmen themselves give through their acts. But what we can do is estimate the possibilities and probabilities—estimate them in terms not of any putative humanitarianism or progressivism on the part of big business, but of the compulsions that will exist in our own economy, in world economy, and in the social and political framework within which economic factors will operate. Concerning the economic aspect of these compulsions—the need to utilize for peacetime production our greatly expanded plant capacity, the hunger of other lands for American goods, and the profit incentives that stem from these—I have nothing to add to what Earl Browder has stated so cogently in two recent reports to Communist gatherings and in his remarkable new book, *Teheran: Our Path in War and Peace*. A few thoughts on the social and political aspect:

Those businessmen who believe that in the postwar period they can simply return to the status quo ante (whose political essence they see taking the shape of a man named Dewey) are as naive as those lib-



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erals who try to frighten us with the cartel bugaboo and predictions that the future will be a mere dismal repetition of the tragic follies of the past. No less wide of the mark are those who in the name of Marxism tell us that "the nature of the beast can't be changed" and that so long as capitalism endures we are headed for postwar collapse, chaos, and ultimately World War III. Contrary to these latter assumptions, the economic laws of capitalism do not operate like a piece of machinery that responds to the pulling of a lever. Marx himself in formulating in the first volume of *Capital* the absolute general law of capitalist accumulation—the law that as capital grows, unemployment and poverty grow too—pointed out that "Like all other laws, it is modified in its working by many circumstances." It is not a question of changing the nature of the beast, but of the changing circumstances, the new environment to which the beast must adapt itself in order to survive. If in the course of this process over the years the beast itself becomes fundamentally changed, it will not be the first time in nature or society that the conditions of existence of an organism become the means of its transformation.

What the doctrinaire conservatives, liberals, and radicals fail to understand is that while monopoly in the United States will emerge from the war in an even stronger position than before, it will have to adapt itself to social and political conditions that are greatly altered from those of the past. The penalty of non-adaptation is very severe: catastrophic crisis for capitalism and death. On the other hand, all profit considerations dictate such adaptation.

Let us get a preview in broad, general terms of those new socio-political conditions that are coming to birth in the world outside the United States. The most important will be the destruction of the focal centers of fascism in Europe and Asia. This is a gigantic new factor in the postwar picture. The precise nature of the settlement with Germany and Japan is not yet clear, but it must certainly involve the freeing of the economy of the conquered nations from the death-grip of the German and Japanese cartels. And whatever interim provisions are made by the occupying forces of the Allies, the settlement must also involve some eventual solution of the monopoly problem itself in those two countries. Private monopoly in Germany and Japan has been the seedbed of fascism, aggression, and war, and the Krupps and Mitsubishis will have to be purged out of their places of power. It is probable that by agreement with the United Nations considerable nationalization of key industries will become necessary as insurance against the revival of fascism. Nationalization of such industries and of those whose owners collaborated with the Germans is also likely to be the trend in most of the other liberated countries (including France, as indicated in General de Gaulle's speech of March 18). This will be part of the process of freeing the economy of Europe of fascist and feudal elements and carrying through the democratic revolution. At the same time this does not necessarily mean the complete elimination of cartels, but rather their integration in the new social and political setup in which they will function in a new way.

POLITICALLY, the developments now taking place in France, Yugoslavia, Italy, and other countries, despite the negative factors which still persist, already contain the shape of the future, the assurance that with the destruction of Nazism and on the basis of the Moscow and Teheran agreements, there will arise the most democratic governments that Europe west of the Soviet border has ever known—perhaps the most democratic that capitalism anywhere has known. All these countries, moreover, will be quickened by a vast release of democratic energies, with a strengthened labor movement, including its Communist sector, playing an influential role and participating in most, if not all, of the new governments.

Another new factor will be the Soviet Union—new in the sense that its economic, political, and moral role after the war will be enormously enhanced. The Soviet Union is a country without cartels, without private monopoly, with an economic system that by its very nature drives toward ever higher production levels. The influence of the USSR will undoubtedly be thrown against all artificial barriers to production and trade, as well as against all tendencies to use production and trade as a means of securing the domination of weaker countries by stronger.

Asia and Africa await a renascence of their own which is as necessary for us as for them; because of their greater economic backwardness it will be at a lower level than that in Europe, but it will be no less momentous in that it will begin the transformation of the colonial status of huge areas that contain the bulk of the world's population. As for Latin America, the changes there are already so visible that leading American capitalists are increasingly accepting the industrialization of our semi-colonial southern neighbors, which has as its counterpart the growth of democracy and national independence, and are preparing to do business in Latin America on an entirely new basis. (In this connection see particularly the speech of William P. Witherow, former president and now chairman of the executive committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, published in NEW MASSES of May 30. This is the same Witherow who two years ago jeered at Vice President Wallace for suggesting that it was in our interest to promote higher living standards for colonial peoples—"milk for Hottentots.")

But much, of course, depends on what the United States does—the election of a Dewey, for example, would mean the de facto repudiation or at least the substantial dilution of the Teheran policy, with all that it implies. And even under Roosevelt, what the United States does depends to a large degree on what the leaders of American business do. Their own interests should impel them to do everything to implement Teheran both economically and politically, but prejudice, ignorance, and confusion sometimes obscure self-interest. At this time, though there are some hopeful indications, no one can predict with certainty how the controlling capitalist groups will behave.

In *America Unlimited* Eric Johnston describes how he needled his audience at a luncheon of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce with pointed contrasts between our two countries in regard to cartels and colonial policy. "Americans have no inclination to revise your economic or political methods, I told this British audience, but they do not intend to revise theirs." And Assistant Attorney General Berge in his address before the Export Managers Club said: "It is, of course, imperative that this country make known its determination to encourage foreign trade and to make it possible for American firms, large and small, to bring their goods to the consumers who will buy. Through vigorous anti-trust action, we can break up the activities of a great number of foreign cartels. And American firms are perfectly capable of engaging in vigorous competition with the old monopolistic companies of Europe." What Messrs. Johnston and Berge are affirming, whether they realize it or not, is the *competitive superiority* in the world market of American monopoly capitalism over British momonopoly capitalism—a superiority which has been enhanced by the war—and the determination of the American capitalists to take what they consider their rightful share of that market on their own terms. This, I submit, is a program not for today or tomorrow, but for yesterday. It is self-defeating; for the huge markets which American capitalism needs if it is to keep its economy going cannot be realized except on the basis of a system of international agreements—political and economic—that take cognizance of the new conditions in the postwar world and the needs of all nations.

To the extent that the desire of American big business for a free hand in postwar markets represents the drive of our younger, more dynamic capitalism toward high production and employment levels, it is a positive factor. And to the extent that the British desire for restrictive agreements to protect their weaker position represents a readiness to enter into cooperative arrangements for planned, orderly postwar reconstruction, this too is a positive factor. The problem is to combine the best features of

(*Continued on page 30*)



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# RECENT BOOKS

## The Bell Rings Clear

A BELL FOR ADANO, *by John Hersey. Knopf, $2.50.*

"A BELL FOR ADANO" is the best American fiction to emerge from this war. The chapter of the Italian soldiers' homecoming is already on its way to becoming a minor classic. The novel as a whole is simple, almost overly simple. It was written in a hurry; it has all the hot-from-the-typewriter flaws of style you would naturally expect. Sometimes the humor is pretty corny. It has been argued that there is not a single militant, conscious anti-fascist among the dozens of Italian characters in the book. True. One can also argue rightly that the big speech about the meaning of the bell that should climax the story never comes off—it isn't even spoken aloud. And the last chapter is inconclusive, tapers off to a looking-backward sigh. These arguments are all justified.

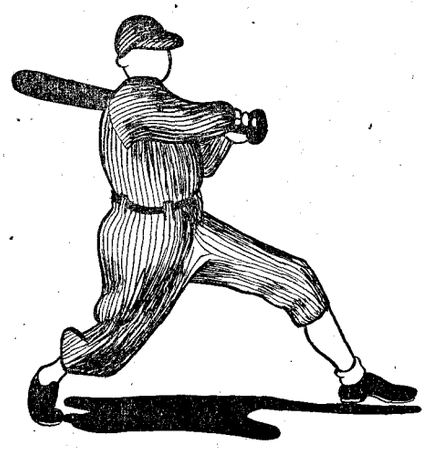
Yet, when the carpers have finished carping their various little carps, the book still stands, bold and shining. In stature it is a small work; you can read it through in one quick sitting. And the novel's scope is small: a few weeks in the life of an obscure Sicilian town after the Allies landed last July. Specifically, it is the story of an American major in AMG. The entire plot revolves around the brief theme of Major Victor Joppolo's attempts to find a new bell for the town of Adano after the fascists had taken the old one off to melt down for bullets. Most of the incidents are slight and seemingly unimportant in the midst of this global war.

Yet the book has stunning repercussions. For Joppolo is Democracy—and he works at it. In the very first chapter, he takes out the loose-leaf notebook he had kept during AMG school lectures back in the States; he turns to a special page headed "Notes to Joppolo from Joppolo." Here is what he has written to himself: "Don't make yourself cheap. Always be accessible to the public. Don't play favorites. Speak Italian whenever possible. Don't lose your temper. When plans fall down, improvise." Good sound advice, and Joppolo follows it faithfully. When Gargano, the old chief of the Carabinieri, rudely shoves his way to the front of the line waiting for bread at the bakery, Joppolo explains to Gargano and the other petty officials why they can no longer assert themselves in the old way. "Perhaps you do not know what a democracy is," he begins. "I will tell you. Democracy is this: democracy is that the men of the government are no longer the masters of the people. They are the servants of the people. . . . Therefore you are now the servants of the people of Adano. I too am their servant. When I go to buy bread, I shall take my place at the end of the line and I will wait my turn. You too must behave as a servant, not as a master. . . . And watch: this thing will make you happier than you have ever been in your lives."

LIFE in Adano is not all vino and pasta for the "Mister Major." There are delicate hair-line problems in tact when he sits as judge at the City Hall during afternoon hours; he has to fight the native black market and inflation; squelch rumors; persuade the fishermen to go sailing again; keep the children from getting themselves run over in their anxiety for "Caramelle! Caramelle!" that the generous American GI's toss to them. He even risks his entire Army future by countermanding a General's orders because he thinks (and rightly so) it is necessary for the well-being of the town to do it.

It is natural that Joppolo should mature a great deal in the course of carrying out these, and other tasks. Natural, because all the paper theories back in Officers' Candidate School could not have foreseen all the situations he was to be confronted with in the flesh-and-blood Sicilian town. Cleaning up streets, making the water supply work: such things could quickly be taken care of with ordinary Army efficiency. But cleaning up the filthy remains of fascism, making democracy work—these require extraordinary skill, and more important, sympathy.

Joppolo has that. A second generation Italian-American, he is a former clerk in the Sanitation Department of New York City. He was buffeted around during the depression, but like many children of immigrants, in the back of his mind still lurk fragments of that old sentiment "in America the streets are paved with gold." Now Joppolo at thirty-seven is not a naive boy. He knows there aren't any gold cracks in the cement sidewalks of Manhattan or any place else in this country. Yet he retains some of that wide-eyed wonder of the immigrant: here in America there is no more cringing "*Kuss die hand, gnadige Fraulein,*" here in America there *are* opportunities. A poor boy from the Bronx, a minor clerk in a minor job *can* become a Major in the United States Army. It's true, it happened to me, Joppolo tells you. And it is this attitude which he brings to the village of Adano that makes him understand why the bell is more than a bell. The humanity of the author, John Hersey, in portraying his chief character makes the reader feel this short novel is more than just another piece of fiction—it is a beautiful blueprint for the democratic way of life.



Hersey's two earlier war books, *Men On Bataan* and *Into the Valley,* were slick, competent jobs by a slick, competent journalist. It is amazing to look back from the stature of *A Bell For Adano* to that "we're fighting for blueberry pie" period. Hersey has grown up quickly. He has adapted himself to the times, he has deliberately integrated himself into the war. He has come to know the Joppolos and he believes in them, with them.

It took courage to write *A Bell For Adano,* even in its obviously fictionalized form. Despite all the hush-hushers who would like to play down the characterization of the brutal General Marvin, among other things in the book, it is a national best-seller. Which is only as it should be, for throughout Hersey's novel the bell rings clear and sweet, its tune joyous and affirmative.

HARRIET SLATER.

## Stalin Prize Novel

THE RAINBOW, *by Wanda Wasilewska. Simon & Schuster, $2.50.*

"ONE road ran east and west, the other north and south. The village stood on a knoll where the two roads crossed. Rows of cottages crouching low along both roads formed a cross in the center of which



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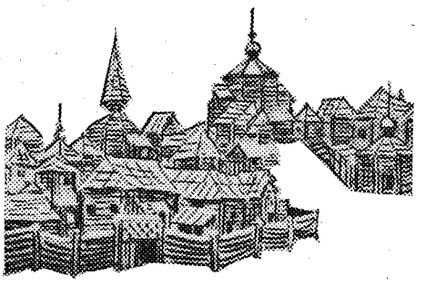

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a small belfry rose from a little square. At the foot of the knoll a brook covered with ice and snow wound through a gully. The bluish surface of the ice was pierced in places and running water gleamed black through the holes."

So begins Wanda Wasilewska's Stalin Prize novel, *The Rainbow*. One is not likely to forget those holes in the ice, when one has read of what was thrust into them. The village on the knoll is a typical Ukrainian village under German occupation. The people—old men, women, children, who are left in the village—are everyday Soviet people. Captain Werner, the German commandant, is the average Nazi officer caught in the usual dilemma: he must somehow get information from the villagers about the partisans lurking in the woods, or he will himself be punished by those above him for his failure. His methods, when his clumsy psychology fails, are the too-familiar ones of seizure of hostages and inhuman ingenuity in torture. He uses as a tool the headman—a former kulak and Petliura bandit—but the villagers manage to spirit him away one dark night and take care of him in a secret court. For the secret resistance goes on and puzzling things happen—like the disappearance of slain little boys' bodies. The streets may be deserted, and the windows of the cottages, covered from top to bottom with a film of ice, may look like eyes veiled by cataracts. But the eyes take note of all that is done, against the day of liberation.

It is a truism that fact in these days has become a formidable competitor of fiction, in precisely those ways in which fiction is supposed to excel: suspense, emotional tension, life-and-death struggle, treachery, heroism. We find ourselves, as we read a novel, thinking: "But I read something this morning in the paper far more strange and exciting than this, and what's more, it really happened." As Somerset Maugham has said, "It is the death of the short story, if it can be beaten at its own game by the naked truth." Has the writer of fiction anything to offer the reader that the narrator of the actual facts of our terrifying world cannot give him with greater force? The question is pertinent in considering *The Rainbow*. This story of a little Ukrainian village during a month of Nazi occupation is similar to scores of narratives which we have read in the Soviet Information Bulletins. "If *The Rainbow*," writes ex-Ambassador Davies in his foreword, "amounted to nothing more than one long atrocity story, it would still be an impressive piece of additional testimony against the great barbarism of our times." Mr. Davies finds other facts about the novel and its author typical of modern wartime Russia: the author is a woman; she is Polish; she has taken an active part in political as well as literary affairs; and she is both the head of the Union of Polish Patriots, and a member of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR.

But all that does not answer the question: does *The Rainbow* give us something more than the facts, something only an artist can give? I think it does. It gives us the impression of an experience completed, not broken and fragmentary, although it is only a tiny part of a vast and complicated pattern of events. And the experience is not only completed, but understood, for the author penetrates deeply the psychology both of the villagers and of the Nazis, officers and men. Finally she gives to our imaginations a symbol, to carry the meaning of the experience. The rainbow of the title stands for the hope of the villagers —that would be obvious; but also for the bewilderment of the oppressors, who seek to dominate a world they cannot comprehend. It is a world where rainbows appear in winter. The German captain, looking at the strange and beautiful sight, says, "They say rainbows are good omens." The old peasant woman, his unwilling servant, shrugs her shoulders. "Yes, they say rainbows are good omens," she says, with a peculiar stress on the words, as she stares at the shining apparition, the triumphal arch that fills the sky. As foreign to the Nazi's experience as a rainbow in winter, is the behavior of the village woman who refuses to tell what she knows of the guerrillas in the forest, although the captain threatens with his pistol the baby son, just born to her after years of barrenness. "Are you a mother?" he asks. "I am a mother," Olena replies, giving herself the name they had called her by, there in the forest, when they thanked her for her care, for a cooked meal, or the washing of a shirt. "So you will tell me where they are?" No answer. "This is your only child?" "No." "What? You have other children?"

A radiant smile suddenly appears on Olena's swollen, cracked, dry lips. "Sons, nothing but sons . . . many sons . . . there in the forest." The captain fires straight into the baby's face. "A mother, eh? Look what you have done to your child." Olena nods. "She was far away in the forest. What were they doing now in the forest? Were they sitting around a fire? Or were they stealing along forest paths to surprise a German detachment? . . . Were they retreating into the forest carrying their wounded?"—The German soldiers look at her with superstitious terror.

When the Red Army comes at last, the people sing again. They had been silent a whole month. The army doctor, filled with pity for all the things he sees, is reassured by the peasant woman whose oldest son had hung for a month on the gallows in the village square, and whose youngest son has just been delivered by the doctor. "There's no reason to be sorry," she says. "Mitya is gone, but we have Victor in his place. Our people are strong, well rooted



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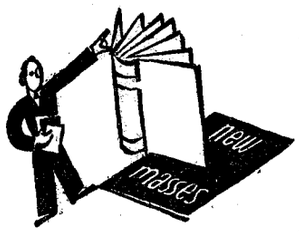


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in the earth. . . . Cut down a pear tree, and before you know it, a fresh shoot comes out of the ground and drives upward toward the sun. . . . Mitya is gone and many others, but the earth is here and so are the people."

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

## Chapter From America

THE POPULIST MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, *by Anna Rochester. International Publishers. Cloth $1. Paper 35c.*

THIS reviewer went through the leading high school of America's third largest city and a class A university without ever hearing about Populism, the Populists or the People's Party. In fact, his acquaintance with that stormy chapter of American history was limited to the expression "Coxey's Army," vaguely recollected as a term of derision in his childhood. This experience is probably not unique. Too many Americans have had their conceptions of our national history warped by a once-dominant school of writing and teaching that regarded all popular struggles after the Civil War, whether on the part of labor, the farmers, or the Negro people, as the work of outlaws and therefore not fit subjects for study by the future citizens of our country.

Today, though the influence of Populism is manifest in the statute books, in political platforms and in the utterances of both statesmen and demagogues, it still remains true that the Populist crusade of the eighties and nineties is one of the least known episodes in our history. That is why Anna Rochester's little book, *The Populist Movement in the United States*, does such an important service. The classic work in this field is John D. Hicks' *The Populist Revolt*, a book that is indispensable for students of that period. But Professor Hicks' book, because of its length and price, is likely to lie beyond the interest and/or the pocketbook of the average layman. Miss Rochester's is in fact the first book that tells the story of the Populists in a form and at a price that should make it attractive to the general public. Previously known for her penetrating economic studies, *Labor and Coal*, *Rulers of America*, and *Why Farmers Are Poor*, which have become standard reference works, Miss Rochester has brought to the task of popular historical writing the same factual clarity and Marxist understanding that distinguish her earlier books.

Miss Rochester traces the history of Populism from its genesis in the post-Civil War struggles of the farmers against advancing monopoly to its final engulfment in larger and more durable political movements in the early years of this century. From diverse insurgent streams—the Granger movement, the money reform crusade, the anti-bourbon movement in the


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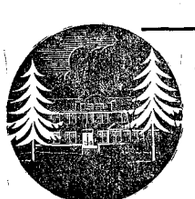

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South, the farmers' alliances, the confused political efforts of the trade unions—there gathered the tidal flood that burst into the political arena in 1892 with the formation of the national People's Party. It is too often forgotten that the Populists did more than urge each other to raise less corn and more hell: that they brought to the fore some of the most vital personalities of that generation; that they fought for much of the progressive legislation (such as the anti-trust laws, the federal income tax, federal regulation of food and drugs) that was adopted in later years; that their presidential candidate in 1892 carried four states and polled what would be the equivalent of over 4,000,000 votes today; that they elected four governors, a sizable number of US Senators and Congressmen and were a powerful influence in a number of state legislatures. Moreover, the heritage of Populism has become rooted in the American tradition, its very phrases part of the living speech of the country.

POPULISM was, in the words of Miss Rochester, "primarily a defensive movement of farmers and other small business interests against the relentless advance of finance capital." Though in theory and in its agitational slogans it expressed the little man's nostalgia for the vanished small-enterprise economy that existed before the Civil War, in practice the Populists as a rule eschewed the utopian and played a constructive role. Yet by the very nature of the class interests that they represented they were an unstable, uncohesive force moving on the periphery of the central social conflict, that between big capital and labor. Though the Populists attempted to appeal to the workers and evoked some response from the labor movement, no firm bonds were fashioned. (For a further discussion of the relations between the trade unions and the Populists see an article in the April 1944, issue of *Science and Society* by the late Lieut. James Peterson.) Miss Rochester brings into focus both the strengths and weaknesses of the Populist movement to compose an integrated picture.

In her last pages the author discusses the continuity of Populist insurgence and tradition in various political forms after the People's Party itself had passed off the scene. This, it seems to me, is the weakest part of the book, for she has had to telescope into a few pages material that requires more extensive treatment. It would also have been useful to have contrasted the two divergent lines of development of the Populist tradition, expressing the duality of the middle classes: toward anti-fascism (the New Deal, the pre-war movement for a Farmer-Labor Party, and today various phenomena of the war against the Axis), and toward fascism (Huey

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Long, Charles E. Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith).

These opposing tendencies were already evident at an earlier stage in the degeneration of certain old-line Populists themselves: for example, the late Tom Watson of Georgia, once a militant Populist leader who stood up for Negro rights, became in later years an ardent Negro-baiter, anti-Semite and anti-Catholic propagandist. What the history of Populism makes plain is that without labor as its keystone, no movement can under modern conditions keep its progressivism consistent and whole. Today all that is best in the Populist tradition helps illuminate our democratic goals in the battle to destory the Nazi and Japanese world-monopolists. Miss Rochester's book adds to the intellectual arsenal of that struggle.

A. B. MAGIL.

## Brief Review

VOICES FROM UNOCCUPIED CHINA, *edited by Harley F. MacNair, University of Chicago Press. $1.50.*

THE title of this volume is somewhat misleading, for it is not a first-hand description of the long and valiant struggle of the Chinese people against Japanese aggression. It is a series of addresses delivered by a group of prominent Chinese educators and scientists for the 1943 Harris Foundation of the University of Chicago. The Chinese represented here came to the United States at the invitation of the State Department in connection with the latter's program of cultural relations with China. They are competent men, and specialists in their various fields. But all of them are uncritical spokesmen of the official policy of the Kuomintang Party bureaucracy; and their treatment of serious Chinese problems is generally academic and rather remote from reality. Thus Professor Liu Nai-chen dodges the central issue of Chinese national unity in his brief analysis of China's present governmental framework. Dr. Wu Ching-chao correctly envisages the need for large-scale industrialization in postwar China but he fails to link this problem with the important domestic and international issues involved. The speeches dealing with medicine, public health, education, and agrarian problems are somewhat more factual, but subject to the same general reservations.

Perhaps the most interesting section is the preface contributed by Professor MacNair, himself an authority on the Far East. His introductory remarks are suggestive and pertinent; and, as he says, the addresses are often "as notable for what they omit, or imply, as for what they boldly, or subtly, state." A freer inquiry into the state of unoccupied China would have better served that country's cause.

D. D.


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# IN THE WORLD OF ART

**By MOSES SOYER**

An artist who attempts to portray or interpret a catastrophic event (war) in a series of pictures, each picture dealing with one phase of the event, complete in itself yet forming part of the whole pattern, is a brave man indeed. His work inevitably will be compared with Goya's "Disasters of War." Such a brave man is Luis Quintanilla, whose twenty-seven drawings and water-colors entitled "Totalitarian Europe" were recently exhibited at Knoedler's Gallery. Quintanilla says in the short foreword: " 'Totalitarian Europe' was executed with the idea of increasing the understanding of what this war is against. . . . The theme . . . is violent like the history we live." Then come the titles, which are interesting in themselves, thought-provoking, and when read in sequence form a powerful poem about the atrocities of the unspeakable Nazis. I am reproducing them in full:

"Unrestrained Totalitarianism begins by destroying its own house and then destroys that of its neighbor. . . . Destruction, systematic and sudden. . . . Hunger that comes with destruction . . . and misery that comes with hunger. . . . The race is impoverished. . . . Abandoned children lose human feelings. . . . Children's blood serves to revive the executioners. . . . The mothers and sisters are raped. . . . And the cataclysm reaches even to the defenseless below the ground. . . . Jails augment with the triumph of Totalitarianism . . . as do concentration camps . . . and barbed wire. . . . The desire for freedom is discouraged by the wooden block and the axe . . . by bodies swinging in the air . . . or hanging on lamp posts. . . . Those who do not belong to the race of Totalitarians are condemned to death . . . forced to dig their own graves . . . killed in gas chambers en masse. . . . Hate. . . . Insanity. . . . Terror . . . and blood."

I find it unnecessary to go into a critical discussion of Quintanilla's technique and style. He is accepted as one of the outstanding artists of our time and his achievements are well known. The only criticism I would care to make is that the impact of the pictures would perhaps have been stronger had they been done in black and white. Eli Faure aptly remarks, "Black and white with their very monotony symbolize unconsciously the alternatives of hope and despair to which mankind is forever subjected," and Quintanilla himself in his wonderful book, *All the Brave*, has used only black and white. The pictures are intensely dramatic, stark, and tragic. Quintanilla, as a soldier on the Loyalist side in the Spanish civil war has seen death, rape, degradation, hunger, and madness. Like Goya he describes little and evokes much, and like him one feels he has the right to write on the margin of his pictures "I saw this."

Quintanilla's "Totalitarian Europe" is perhaps the most powerful artistic indictment of the "master race" that has yet come out of the war. Why then did I leave the exhibition somewhat disheartened and disillusioned? Is it because Quintanilla in this exhibition has shown us only the physical results of the horrors of Nazism? (We do not see in his pictures the murderers, the rapists, incendiaries; only the completed act and the stillness that comes after.) No, it is because nowhere in the series does he show anything even vaguely reminding one of the inextinguishable spirit of revolt that is alive in totalitarian Europe today. This is why Goya is so great. Like Rembrandt and Shakespeare he gives us in his "Disasters of War" a fully rounded picture of humanity capable not only of sadistic cruelty but also of fierce courage. Plates 4 and 5, for instance, are entitled "Women Give Courage" and "They Fight Like Wild Beasts," and Plate 7 represents a young woman surrounded by the dead bodies of civilians heroically carrying on by manning the gun alone. This beautiful woman of Goya's time symbolizes all the women of today in all lands who fight shoulder to shoulder with their men f[or] freedom. Goya calls this plate "What Courage."

**"Head of Christ," by Jan Matulka.**
Courtesy ACA Gallery

Luis Quintanilla is one of the few artists today capable of combining in his work great artistry with a message. His cumulative work up to now has been a message of courage and hope. He owes the freedom-loving people in conquered lands a sequel to "Totalitarian Europe" in which he should celebrate their brave deeds, their fearlessness in face of death, their enduring courage and undying spirit. He owes it to the defenders of Stalingrad, to the Yugoslavian guerrillas, to the Jews in the ghettos of Poland and to all people who fight, and above all to his own comrades, the Spanish Loyalists, who have shown the way.

I should like to review in the limited space remaining two more exhibitions, the themes of which are largely anti-fascist; that of Emanuel G. Romano, which has closed recently at the Lilienfeld Galleries, and that of Jan Matulka, which has just opened at the ACA Gallery.

The Romano show was, in my opinion, the best he has had to date. It showed a distinct technical advance, and what is more important, a clearer self-realization of what he wants to do in art. Romano is essentially a mural painter and like mural painters he thinks in heroic terms. When he does a small easel picture like "Motherhood," a woman with a baby on the seashore, a human every-day subject that should be stated in the simplest terms (proportions, local color, rendition of features) it becomes in the hands of Romano pseudo-Michelangelesque, semi-abstract and heroic and ceases to be human. The best and most touching picture in the show is the larger than life head of his father, the great sculptor Enrico Glicenstein. I knew the old man well; he reminded me in many ways of my father whose contemporary and friend he was. Although he was aged and feeble in frame I was always impressed whenever I met him by his youthful vigor and idealism. At seventy he did his best work and at the time of his death he left many projects unfinished. Romano in his



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portrait caught well this rebellious, unquenchable spirit of his father.

WHEN my brother Raphael and I entered the National Academy of Design the name of Jan Matulka was somewhat of a legend among the older students. He had just been awarded a travelling fellowship to Europe and his huge, brightly painted nudes and draped figures hung all over the walls of the Academy. On his return from Europe, in a violent rebellion against the stuffy traditions of the Academy, Matulka without going through any transitory phase embraced the most extreme tendencies of the modernism of that period. For ten years after that he was one of the most exhibited and discussed artists in the country. His work I remember was striking, brash, and decorative and very popular with gallery-goers. Then as suddenly as he appeared he withdrew from the art world. Many younger people today have probably never heard of him or seen his work. And now, after years of seclusion and solitude, he has come back again with an impressive and eloquent group of paintings and drawings at the ACA Gallery. To those who know Matulka, his colorful landscapes and still lifes, and his studies of Czech peasants that seemed to have been painted more for the sake of their colorful costumes than anything else, this exhibition must come as a surprise, because a new, more profound artist is revealed there. It is as if the walls of his provincial, cloistered world had been suddenly broken down and the cries and lamentations from the outside had filled the air. And it is these cries and lamentations that Matulka, it seems to me, is trying to convey almost desperately on his canvasses. He does not often succeed. His symbols at times are somewhat dated. "Death Rings the Bell," for example, although more modern in the method of painting, reminds one uncomfortably of the academic, symbolic pictures by the German and Austrian artists that were popular some fifty years ago. His best pictures are "A Man of Sorrow," representing Christ on a cross flanked by weeping women with clenched hands in attitudes somewhat reminiscent of Gruenwald's Magdalena, his heroic "Head of Christ," "Affliction," and "Lamentation." His drawings are uniformly excellent. This is a touching exhibition by one who has been profoundly shocked by the tragedy that befell the world and his beloved Czechoslovakia and who has tried to express his hurt in these canvasses; at times somewhat inarticulately but nontheless with great poignancy.

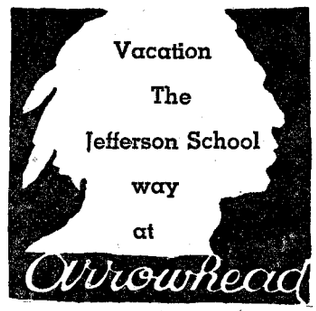
## Films of the Week

FOR once, let first things come first. And that, my friends makes it mandatory to begin this column with discussion, however brief, of the film *They Met In Moscow*, produced and directed by the four-time Stalin prize-winner Ivan Pieriev, scenario-lyrics—Victor Gussev, score—Tikhon Khrennikov. I recall with much pleasure previous musicals from the Soviet studios—*Volga-Volga*, *Tanya*, *Spring Song*, *Musical Story*—but without a flicker of doubt in my mind, at least, *They Met In Moscow* is the fairest of them all.

From every point of view the film is a smash success. Its action is gratifyingly fresh and worked out with a flair and sweet sanity astonishing in the musical comedy genre. Its photographic and musical substance are unimpeachably top quality. Its players—Marina Ladynina, Vladimir Zeldin (heroine and hero respectively), and Nikolai Kruichkov (as engagingly detestable a heavy as the screen has even given us) are unerringly effective. Its single excellences are so numerous as to make individual mention in this column quite out of the question.

But now, I suppose, the reviewer must sober down and clothe his enthusiasm with more measured words, in short, with analysis, though heaven knows he would resist it in the present instance. To begin then, what has *They Met In Moscow* got that makes me think it's so hot, to quote the well known jingle? How important can an operetta be? And *They Met In Moscow is* important. Important because unlike the general mass of its predecessors it is profoundly affirmative. It sings the joy and fullness of life, it proclaims in the love of the maid of the North Glasha for the shepherd from the Caucasus, Musaib, the oneness of races. It tells the goodness of the useful life, of the value, the dignity of the swineherd and the tender of the flocks. Operetta yes, but swept away are the near lecheries of Graustark. Operetta yes, but not played out in the midst of the musty trapperies of split-bearded Ruritania. Instead it's photographed in the crystal air of the Georgian mountain ranges, in the upreaching birch-groves of the white lands. Imagine a scene in an operetta like the one in which Glasha brings life to a mute-born suckling by forcing her own breath into it? Perhaps this can give an inkling of the freedom and vigor with which this most hideborn and as a rule most deadly of genres has been handled.

To judge from the daily press' reviews of RKO's *Tender Comrade* — "Comrade Ginger" (NY *Times*), "Capitol's *Tender Comrade* Gushes Over Five War Wives" (*Post*), "A 5 Hanky Film For War Wives" (*PM*)—you might think that the company in question had committed an unutterable breach of good taste if not an actual crime. Put it out of your mind. This is simply not so. There is little, if any, unjustified pulling of heart strings in Dalton Trumbo's screen script or in its general handling by director Edward Dmytryk. We have here the simple matter of a group of war wives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who meet up with one another in an armaments plant, who decide to set up house ensemble. True, once the decision has been made and we are in our apartment, we are given no opportunity to get out to the streets, no less back into the war plant, and a certain monotony of set and even incident ensues. True also, that Miss Ginger Rogers is over-starred to the slighting of her roommates and that the actress in question is not over happily cast. That apart, the film is wholly meritorious and most worthy of your patronage. There can be no gainsaying the sincerity of its intention to contribute to the morale of the home front (and how few war films *do* concern themselves with this problem). Its intention is effectively carried out.

On the score of lack of good taste, Paramount's *The Story of Dr. Wassell* is another matter. For there is no denying that Cecil B. De Mille's latest, starring Gary Cooper (what a weak word "starring" sometimes becomes) has its meretricious moments—loads of them. And ditto for filmic and emotional cliches. Lord, how ditto. And a technicolor prettiness that would shame an ice cream parlor decorator. I mean the old time ice cream parlor. Not having heard Dr. Wassell's stories from his own mouth, or read the James Hilton novel, I am in no position to say how much tricking out has come from the original sources but trickery is apparent. Still, if you can overcome your discomfort at feeling that you are being shoved around and manipulated emotionally, give the film a look, but take your time. The Tremartiny (native girl)—Hoppy (white man) angle of the film, incidentally, is far from wholesome and provides one of the more disquieting instances of De Mille's failure to keep his eyes and ears open.

JAMES MCCLOUGH.

## What About Cartels?

(*Continued from page 22*)

each, thereby mitigating the most serious conflict that threatens the postwar world and utilizing the economic resources of both countries to further their own and the world's prosperity. It is a good omen that Mr. Johnston is not as intransigent as he seems in his chapter on Britain. Elsewhere in his book he points out that "despite our colossal weight in world affairs, we are far from outbalancing the rest of the nations. The voice of America is listened to, but it is not a solo; it must be harmonized with the chorus of nations. American plans and American objectives, even if we achieved agreement on them at home, will settle nothing abroad. Our willingness to cooperate must never be stretched to mean a willingness to forget our own interests. But neither should it be forgotten that cooperation implies compromise."


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All the foregoing points to the conclusion that we need an economic Teheran, a structure of international economic agreements, first among the three leading powers and later extended to include all nations. Such agreements will necessarily involve relationships between big business enterprises in this country and big business enterprises in other countries. It is silly to view such relationships in terms of pre-war cartels, for they can no longer be private affairs or even merely government-sanctioned arrangements. Whether one approaches the problem from the standpoint of the profits of the few or of the economic well-being of the many, such private relationships will have to be based on national policy, which in turn will have to pivot on the whole system of agreements with other countries that was initiated at Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran. Any other course means economic crisis, international anarchy, and ultimately war.

The foundations of an economic Teheran are already being laid. The Atlantic Charter, which speaks of equal access by all states to the raw materials of the world, the lend-lease agreements, such agencies as the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and the Combined Raw Materials Board,* the various economic agreements with Latin American republics, of which those with Mexico are perhaps the most noteworthy, the Anglo-American discussions regarding oil and aviation, in which Russia is also to be included, the forthcoming international monetary conference—all these are the bricks and mortar of an economic Teheran.

I have merely indicated the trends and possibilities in barest outline. There are many questions that I have not even touched on, such as where labor and small business fit into the future economic scheme. But I hope I have suggested an approach to the cartel and monopoly problem that avoids both utopian cartel-busting and the no less utopian (because it won't work) continuation of pre-war monopoly policies. Capitalist monopoly will have to function in a new context, and the capitalist system must meet in peace the challenge of the production and employment levels which it has set in wartime. If it cannot do it, the people will eventually find some system that can. But the responsibility for meeting that challenge falls not only on the capitalists, but on all of us, for none shall escape the harsh penalties of failure. In peace as in war we have a common task.

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# EAST, WEST, SOUTH — AND HOME

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JUN 20 1944
OF PITTSBURGH

## *THIS IS THE TIME OF ATTACK*

From the east, west, and south, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin said. And AT HOME, they meant implicitly.

The attack starts from the home front. What we do here determines what our men do at the firing-line. "We'll do the job out here," a dispatch from the Cherbourg area quoted a doughboy, "How about the folks back home?" How about it?

The job back home that needs doing is production for victory; is national unity to ensure that production; is the guarantee that our war leaders will continue to lead. Powerful enemies at home plot to cheat America of these three imperatives. Your job at home is to defeat these enemies.

Are you doing your job? To do it is to know the truth and to bring it to all America. Now more than ever is the time to counter the arguments of the enemies. They will be saying "The casualties are higher than ever; time to negotiate peace." They will deny that the invasion is the surest means of shortening the war; of saving lives. They will try to undermine the position of the Administration; of our Commander-in-Chief.

Only the truth can stop the enemy at home. To spread the truth means to spread the message of a magazine like yours—**NEW MASSES.** Our responsibility has increased multifold. We need to bring to you everything we can—the sharpest analysis, the irrefutable fact.

You will need your magazine more than ever before. We want to concentrate on the job of making it the best in its history. We ask your help.

You know that we need $40,000 this year to cover our deficit; to do the editorial task the time demands. We said, at the outset of this drive, that we plan to raise $28,000 in the magazine's pages—the additional $12,000 outside. We are approaching our $28,000 goal; some $5,000 behind. This is what we ask: will 5,000 **NM** readers contribute $1 in the coming week so that we can close the drive by July 1 and continue with the big tasks ahead? We are now asking for $1 more apiece—from 5,000. That will close the drive. Won't you do that little thing this week?

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